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MRS. WINSTON CHURCHILL.

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COUNTRY LIFE
THE Journal for all interested in
Country Life and Country Pursuits

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THE MAKING OF GOOD CITIZENS.

ORD ROSEBERY, Lord Haldane, several professors and many writers of leading articles in the daily newspapers have during the past fortnight been trying to expound the methods by which a State may reasonably expect to turn its children into good citizens. The mere fact that such a discussion has arisen points to a defect in our system of training youths. We may trace it, perhaps, to the long century of peace that we have enjoyed since the Battle of Waterloo. Previous to that, whatever an Englishman lacked, he was aggressively patriotic. His country he believed to be the best under the sun, and it was a common argument as to whether an Englishman could properly be considered a match for three or four Frenchmen. The effects of peace are, however, not purely beneficial. When countries are not thrown into antagonism it is natural that a thin, diffused cosmopolitanism should take the place of the sturdy patriotism generated in more warlike times. No sane man would wish that the strictest and most effective of all schoolmasters—the necessity of fighting for our country—should be brought in to teach patriotism, and the problem before us is how to accomplish the end in view without having recourse to that dreadful alternative. The Historical Association finds an answer in the teaching of history; and if the annals of any nation could make its children patriotic, surely those of Great Britain ought to

do so. For, in spite of the upbraiding to which this country has been subjected, sober students recognise that as compared with other countries she has been notable for upholding freedom and righteousness. Although the King's Dominions are the widest that have been known since the beginning of history, there is none of them that has been treated as subjected territories were treated in the olden time; that is to say, as sources from which to extract wealth. Equality among men and equality among nations is the rule of the British Empire, the history of which ought to make any boy proud of belonging to it.

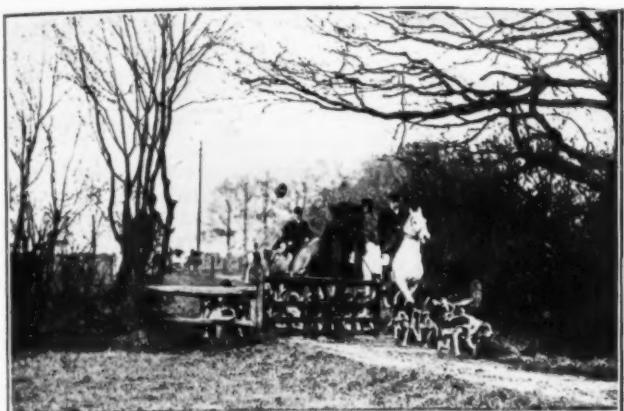
But there are many definite qualities required in a good citizen which will never be produced by the mere study of history. It has been written of old that in order to learn how to command you must first learn to obey, and in the attributes of a good citizen there is none greater than obedience properly understood. It is a quality which is instilled much more practically by organised games than by the power of the schoolmaster, because in the game it is voluntary, in schools it may be the effect of compulsion. The boy who has learned to carry out his captain's wishes, not only as they are expressed by word of mouth, but as he understands them through knowing the object aimed at, has made a great step forward. He will make another when he learns to sacrifice his own glory for the good of his side. This is the true obedience which, in the end, will produce the citizen who is ready at all times to subordinate his original interests to those of the State to which he belongs. Another attribute which is of the utmost importance to an effective citizen is that of self-dependence. There is some reason for believing that the education in our higher schools is deficient in this respect. At any rate, complaints are frequently made by those who have the handling of young men who have received the highest education the country can afford that a proportion of them at least are, in many respects, helpless. Even the ordinary middle-class youth is, perhaps, too much accustomed to have things done for him; and when he comes to take his place in the world he is too ready to believe that when there is any actual thing to be done, all that he need do is to ring a bell and order his subordinate to do it. In a word, he is dependent on the person at the end of the bell-rope. This ought not to be. In the case of the Boy Scouts, steps are being taken that ought to produce a young man who is as well able to take care of himself as a Bushman or a Red Indian, and this in its turn produces a resourcefulness and readiness for emergency that are of the utmost value in times of crisis. It would certainly be advisable to introduce into all public schools either the Scouts or something analogous to them.

When all this has been achieved, however, there still remains the need to inspire the citizen with the sentiment of the old Latin saying: *Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori.* It has been suggested by a clever contemporary that a boy will achieve this best through his heroes. If his admiration be elicited for a Nelson or a Wellington, a Livingstone or a Gordon, the influence of his particular hero is likely to make itself felt on his own conduct. No doubt there is a great deal in this. Every man or woman forms ideals high or low, and consciously or unconsciously endeavours to realise them. Many achieve little because they have never been shown how possible it is to aim high. It is, no doubt, a search for this that accounts for that omnivorous taste for novels which is sometimes the salvation of the young and sometimes their destruction. If the right sort of reading were placed in their hands, so that they imbibed the notion of a high standard of life while they were at the same time thrilled with adventure, the effect would be good. On the other hand, the boy's first rude appetite is for the adventures of the highwayman and the actor in a sensational exploit; while the girl's budding fancy delights to dwell on the housemaid whom the earl stooped to marry, and kindred objects of girlish romance. These tastes are not to be condemned, but they could be purified, and by purification so strengthened that they would encourage the formation of higher standards, and appreciably help towards the formation of that good citizen who is, in the first place, a centre for his own friends, and, in the second, a pillar and bulwark for the State.

Our Portrait Illustration.

A PORTRAIT of Mrs. Winston Churchill is the subject of our frontispiece this week. Mrs. Winston Churchill is the daughter of the late Colonel Sir H. M. Hozier, K.C.B. Her marriage to Mr. Winston Churchill took place in 1908.

* * * It is particularly requested that no permissions to photograph houses, gardens or livestock on behalf of COUNTRY LIFE be granted except when direct application is made from the offices of the paper. When such requests are received the Editor would esteem the kindness of readers if they would forward the correspondence at once to him.



COUNTRY NOTES

THE national bill for dead meat from abroad has been drawn up by the Board of Agriculture, and to glance at the total and the items that compose it induces a very grave reflection as to the extent to which we are dependent on external sources for our food supply. The total value of the dead meat imported into this country last year was close on £45,000,000, and this does not include about £1,000,000 spent on poultry and game. It is a considerable increase on the amount brought in during 1910, although there are some curious decreases. We had less beef from abroad and less mutton; less bacon, but more hams; a large increase in preserved and a small one in salted meat. To this bill must be added the live meat, which brings it up to close on £50,000,000, or about £1,000,000 more than in 1910. Eggs cost us a great deal more than during the previous twelve months, the total coming to close on £8,000,000; while we imported more butter, more cheese and more condensed milk, the dairy bill coming to about £44,000,000. Grain and flour were imported to the value of £75,762,855, a slight decrease on what we paid in 1910. Nor does this exhaust the account, as there is a little bill for fruit and vegetables and Soya beans.

A fine example of the English country gentleman has passed away in the person of Lord Wenlock, who died at his town house in Portland Place on January 15th. He was not very old, having been born on May 12th, 1849. Lord Wenlock's public career, his term of office as Governor of Madras, and the work he did there, have been fully described in the morning papers. A description of him as a landlord was given in our issue of March 3rd, 1906. At the time much talk was going on about cheap cottages and small holdings, and we took the opportunity of showing that in many ways Lord Wenlock had anticipated what was coming. He had a very high ideal in regard to the comfort of his tenants and labourers; while paying scant attention to the appearance of his cottages, he was most careful to see that they were conducive in every way to the convenience and health of their occupants. He was also very much interested in the development of dairies in Great Britain, and had established one at Escrick. No gentleman of Yorkshire devoted himself more to public work on local boards and committees.

Mr. Jesse Collings offers such a splendid example of vigorous old age that everybody will be pleased to see him assailing Lord Carrington with his customary trenchancy. It is the same old topic on which he has dwelt so many times since he enunciated the famous political cry—Three Acres and a Cow. He is all for freehold tenancies, and his main argument is that what has been done for Irish tenants should be done also for those of England. However great our admiration, it is difficult to agree with Mr. Collings in this. The system on which Irish tenants are enabled to purchase their holdings cannot be justified economically. It was offered as a desperate remedy for the misery and discontent of the unhappy island. Besides, it is too early yet to speak of successes. The point which Mr. Collings does not elucidate is that the tenant who has strained his resources to acquire property, even though it be on a kind of official hire-purchase system, is not likely to possess that reserve of capital which is necessary in agriculture. Other businesses produce their returns with regularity; but husbandry is dependent on the weather, and, though the income from it

may be reasonably large if an average over a series of years be taken, the farmer must be prepared for a bad year, or even a run of bad years. This is the time when he gets into debt.

In these days it requires some courage to say anything in favour of the system of farming which, nevertheless, grew with the growth of England, and was developed out of the national requirements. This is the tenant-farmer system. It is peculiar to this country. Nowhere on the Continent can anything of exactly the same nature be witnessed. The typical condition is that land is held in large quantities by a rich man, who lets it out to tenants in farms of varying sizes, receiving from them a rent which is usually fixed by the state of the market. Tenant-farmers have remained in some cases for hundreds of years on the same estate, thus showing that tenancy is as durable as ownership. It may not be theoretically a perfect system, but it works well in practice, because of the tradition which has been handed down through a race of English landowners, that in bad years the tenant should be helped by a partial or, if the case is very bad, a complete remission of rent. Where a capitalist is landlord this is possible. If a state or corporation owned the land it would not be possible, because interest would have to be exacted, unless an injustice were to be perpetuated on those who furnished the capital. In the case of the small holder, Lord Carrington pointed out that debt was often incurred during the life of the occupier, and at death the land is either divided or sold. We should like to know how Mr. Jessie Collings meets these objections.

SNOWDROPS.

Beads of St. Agnes' Rosary!—I dream
That still I see her pale thin fingers run
Over these flowers that hardly see the sun
And through grey moments gleam.

Beads of St. Agnes' Rosary!—so white!
As white she trembled when Heaven's Herald came
And flung his pallium round her shivering frame
In the cold dungeon's night.

Beads of St. Agnes' Rosary!—she needs
No prayers in Paradise: some need them here,
Silent they kneel, and count with many a tear
Once more, the Rosary beads.

AGNES S. FALCONER.

What the vast increase in the German Socialistic vote at the General Election may mean in the world of politics we leave others to determine; but, obviously, it is likely to have a considerable effect on English agriculture. The Socialists in Germany are largely made up of the industrial populations which have grown from the development of German commerce. If they are set on one thing more than another, it is to have access to the markets of the world, so that they may procure food more cheaply. As is shown in another part of the paper, they have already done this in regard to poultry and eggs, with the result that these commodities have risen in price all over the world. They are determined also to obtain meat more cheaply, and, no doubt, the Government will be obliged to gratify them in this respect, especially if they are balked in some of their other aspirations. German competition in the cheap markets of the world will very soon make them dearer, and it is therefore by a very plain train of reasoning that we arrive at the conclusion that the success of the Socialists in Germany is likely to have the effect of raising the prices of agricultural produce in Great Britain.

We begin, thus early in the year, to look again for the reports of the rod-fishing on that earliest to open and most wonderfully improved of spring salmon rivers, the Tay. What though it has somewhat fallen off in reputation as an autumn river, this increase in its spring stock is greatly to be appreciated. The fishing opens with good omens; the rivers have had a splendid flow of water in them. The tributary rivers, Tummel, Garry and Lyon, as well as Loch Tay, are open, too; only the Earn remains closed a while longer. In Ireland they are looking forward to good spring sport likewise, but floods have been excessive there, and it is as well that anglers have not yet begun to work on them. The spring fish are splendid fighters, and on that score it is a good change when a river alters its character as the Tay has altered. The angler deserves his sport, for he is a keen and hardy man who will even face the cold of the Scottish winter for the sake of a twenty-pounder.

An echo from the days of old Izaak Walton seems to be sounded by the reported capture of a Fordwich trout. It is true, and very unfortunate, that the report lacks definition,

as the precise species to which the captured fish belongs is lacking in it. What does appear sure is that either an anadromous trout, or a salmon, of thirty-seven inches long was caught in the Stour a mile or two below Canterbury, but that its captor did not bring it home, being burdened with two large pike which he seems to have regarded as of greater worth. By the time a more discriminating friend had gone to retrieve it it had suffered somewhat from the natural process of decay and also from the attacks of rats; but the remains were transferred as quickly as possible into preservative formalin, and probably sufficient have been rescued to afford a basis on which expert opinion can determine the species to which the fish belongs. We understand that the scales have been submitted to such expert examination, and we shall hope to hear further of the reputed "Fordwich trout." The Kentish Stour has always been a river of interesting problems, not the least interesting or subtle being the capture, with the dry fly, of the very sophisticated trout in that beautiful stretch of the stream between Canterbury and Chilham.

Formality touches its zenith in the final edict of the Chinese dynasty. In how many of its predecessors has the feeling of the ludicrous been held in check by the knowledge of the tragic under-meaning. On this occasion the expiring dynasty orders the formation of its successor—a republic. The mere statement appears absurd to Western ears, and, nevertheless, it was probably the only way in which the revolution could be made acceptable to the Chinese. How a republic will work in a country which from time immemorial has been under an absolute government, no human being can tell at the present moment. A myriad new questions are brought to the surface; and it is very difficult to say how the patriotic Chinese acting under a republic will view such interferences with their territory as that of Russia. In this country we may very well understand that Russia has no ulterior motive in regard to Mongolia. She has plenty of undeveloped land for her population at the present moment, and there can be no wish on her part to assume the great responsibility that the protectorate of Mongolia would imply. At the same time, interference of this kind usually ends in one way only, and the Chinese cannot be expected to take any very philosophical view of the matter. They are more likely to look for some effective method of expressing their resentment; and this is only one of the dangers which lie in wait for the new Republic of China.

At the conference on the teaching of English composition in schools, held the other day, the soundest remark was that of Miss Allen of Homerton Training College, who said that essays were generally very much worse written than any other papers in an examination. If the teaching profession would take this to heart, they might very greatly improve their methods. Another lady, Miss Thomson, Examiner for the London Matriculation, made the complaint that essays calling for the expression of original ideas were invariably avoided. So they should be, and no such essays ought to be asked for. Young people cannot do two things at once, and yet this is what is constantly required of them in these so-called compositions. They have, at one and the same time, to think out an idea and express it in language over which they have not attained mastery. A far better way is that which we described last year as having come into use in Cambridge and schools in the neighbourhood; that is, of filling the mind of the child with ideas first, and then teaching him to put them on paper. The particular example that we gave was that of Nature knowledge. After a child had acquired the ability to describe an experiment in which he had been interested, it was found that all his compositions improved. Not everyone feels the fascination of Nature knowledge, but there are several subjects that would serve the purpose equally well. The main point is that the teachers should, as far as possible, get rid of books and not bring forward Stevenson, Lamb, Addison and other essayists, old and new, before the pupil has the slightest notion of what to appreciate in them.

No pleasanter subject for an essay could possibly be imagined than school songs, using the phrase in its largest sense. The music of after years gives no pleasure equal to that which was heard in childhood; but in particular the song above songs that distinguishes each school generally retains the closest and dearest associations. It was sung on all the red-letter days of school life, really sung on Speech and other ceremonial days, and yelled on jollifications of a different kind, such as the parting before a holiday or a victory in the playing-fields. These songs are forming the subject of a series of articles in the *Strand Magazine*, and the current number deals with what is, perhaps, the manliest and most popular of them all—the famous "Forty Years On" of Harrow. It was written by one of the most interesting masters, the late Mr. E. E. Bowen, and set to music by John Farmer; but it lives chiefly

by reason of its sentiments and the spirited chorus—"Follow up, Follow up." Other songs, such as "The Marlborough Volunteer," serve the purpose of the moment equally well for the boy; but "Forty Years On" is an inspiration for a lifetime. We cannot be surprised that even the rugged heart of Lord Roberts was touched when he heard it some little time ago.

After one of the most exciting games ever played in the history of Anglo-Australian cricket, England won the third Test Match by seven wickets. It seemed at the first innings as though the Colonials were going to be smothered. Thanks chiefly to the magnificent bowling of Mr. Foster and Barnes, Australia were all out for 133. This was in spite of the fact that the conditions were all in favour of the latter. On going in the English team made the splendid aggregate of 501, the top scorer being Hobbs, who played a magnificent innings of 187. Mr. Foster contributed 71. There thus appeared a prospect of a runaway victory; but the Australians, playing a losing game with characteristic pluck, made an extraordinary rally in their second innings, and almost equalled their adversaries' score with a total of 476. England was therefore left to make 109 in their second innings. This they did with the loss of three wickets. On this occasion Hobbs was unfortunate, as he was given out l.b.w. when there were only five runs on the board.

"THEY CALL ME GAY," SHE SAID.

Gaily I lean from the window. Autumn night breeze
Moves like a low-murmured hush through the listening trees,
Slow from the meadow beyond comes the breathing of cattle
asleep;
While the devilish hiss
Of an owl adds the finishing touch
To night's bliss.
From the larder below there arise
Odours of bacon, of cheese, of delectable pies,
And I laugh with the night, of its rapture and youth drinking
deep. . . .
Callous? Forgetting? Uncaring?
Dear, don't you see?
Banish the laugh, and I weep for the days that are past:
Rather than moan to the God who has given me much,
I laugh with the night, lest I tremble and falter agast
At the thought of the slow-crawling years, of the time still to be.
Dear, don't you see?

N. G.

To the rising generation the name of Mr. Labouchere is not so familiar as it is to those who were in their prime twenty-five years ago. Then the society papers were at the height of their prosperity, and Mr. Yates and Mr. Labouchere rallied one another familiarly every week, using the Christian names, Edmund and Henry. Mr. Labouchere's adventures as a youth, his wit and humour, his reputation as a raconteur of the smoking-room, led a great many people to undervalue the shrewd common-sense and soundness of judgment that were concealed under a flippant and cynical exterior. Mr. Labouchere was in reality a man of great force and determination who could pursue an object for years without flinching or slackening. He was most delightful as a conversationalist; but it must be admitted that at the same time he was a consistent politician and a brilliant journalist. Many incidents in his career made a deep impression on the public at the time of their occurrence. Most of all was he feared by the cheats and swindlers whom he was in the habit of exposing relentlessly in the columns of his paper.

A correspondent makes report of a discussion in a certain county council on a proposal to apply to the Home Secretary for a more full protection of owls within the area of its jurisdiction, the said proposal being dropped at the instance of one of the members of the council who denounced the evil ways of the little owl and its raids upon partridges. The decision seems to show a rather inadequate discrimination. The villainies of the little owl are generally admitted. At the same time, there is a no less general consensus of opinion as to the beneficent activities of every other species of British owl in devouring small vermin. Surely it would be possible to include the benefactors in a measure of special protection and leave the evildoer outside it. It is hard, as well as unwise, to condemn the whole tribe for the offences of a single family. We are glad to hear of other county councils exerting themselves to give an earlier close time to the woodcock and to extend the close time for the wild duck, which will have the effect of protecting the flappers from premature destruction at a date when they are hardly strong enough to give good sport in the ordinary way of shooting them.

THE KING-EMPEROR SHOOTING IN NEPAL.

PHOTOGRAPHY has achieved a great triumph in bringing before us so vividly the picturesque conditions under which sport is conducted in the State of Nepal. A week or two ago we took occasion to describe the general nature of the shooting in that State, and particularly the hunting for tigers. This week we are enabled to show photographs of the actual sport enjoyed by the King. One or two features are so obvious that they will scarcely escape the attention of any reader. The first is the conspicuous part played by the elephant. This animal, which stands out so boldly in the photographs as an embodiment of massive strength, is nearly as important in the actual chase as the hunter who rides on his back. He has been trained to it from infancy, and probably has inherited

certain attributes that make for usefulness from progenitors who were employed in the same way. On several days the hunting-party had to travel for a considerable distance—four or five miles—before reaching the scene of operations, and on one occasion at least a fairly wide river had to be crossed. This of itself furnished an imposing spectacle. The great animals forded the river with their riders perched in what, to inexperienced eyes, seems to be a kind of tower. The best idea of the sport actually engaged in by King George is obtained from the account of the collection which he has forwarded to the Zoological Gardens. It will be remembered that in 1905 and 1906, when he visited India as Prince of Wales, a shooting trip to



Ernest Brooks. THE KING-EMPEROR SHOOTING A CHARGING RHINOCEROS. Copyright.

Nepal was arranged, but had to be abandoned on account of an outbreak of cholera. At that time the Maharajah Sir Chandra



Ernest Brooks.

TWO DESPERATE TIGERS FLYING FROM THE RING OF ELEPHANTS.

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*Ernest Brooks.*

IN THE DEPTHS OF THE JUNGLE.

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Shum Shere Jung made an important collection of animals for presentation to his guest, and the Prince of Wales arranged with the Zoological Society of London for the conveyance of the animals and their exhibition in Regent's Park, which took place during the summer of 1906. On the present occasion a similar gift was made to him by the Maharajah, and now, too, the Zoological Society of London has been asked to transport to London and exhibit in Regent's Park the second Nepalese collection.

The animals are already on their way to Calcutta, and some of them at least will be forwarded to London almost immediately ; but the greater number are to be retained until March or April, when they will be brought to this country in charge of two keepers sent out from the Zoological Gardens. The collection is larger than that which was made in 1905 and 1906. It includes a rhinoceros calf and a baby elephant, an adult tiger and a tiger cub, a leopard, a bear, a snow leopard, and some of the smaller carnivora. The collection contains seventeen deer, which include a pair of Axis, Sambur, hog, swamp and musk

deer. There are also thar, serows, goral and nilgai, and a pair of young yak. An interesting item in the collection will be a pair of single-horned sheep. Interesting to sportsmen is the inclusion in the collection of a number of rare pheasants, among them Cheer, Kalege, Monal, Crimson-horned and Blood pheasants. Unfortunately, some of these are delicate, and it is doubtful if they will reach London in safety.

But the King's trophies are of less importance than the effect which this pleasant interlude has had upon His Majesty's health. In reading of the splendour of the ceremonies which

took place at the Durbar, we are apt to forget the very great strain which they must have imposed upon the chief figure. For days—we may almost say for weeks and even months—the strain must have been almost intolerable. Nevertheless, the King showed no signs of it. It would have been impossible to better the manner in which he went through the ordeal. After it, nothing more suitable could have been devised than this shooting trip. For one thing, it exactly suited the temperament of the King, who,

*Ernest Brooks. AN INFURIATED TIGER CHARGING THE KING-EMPEROR. Copyright.*



Ernest Brooks.

THE EMPEROR, THE MAHARAJAH AND THE TIGER.

Copyright.

[Jan. 20th, 1912]



Ernest Brooks.

A DEAD TIGER ON THE ELEPHANT'S BACK.

Copyright.



Ernest Brooks.

THE KING EXPLAINS HOW THE TIGER CHARGED.

Copyright.

as behoves the head of a nation of sportsmen, finds his chief delight in manly outdoor pursuits. That there was danger attached in all probability only enhanced the pleasure to him. Even we at this far distance can realise the critical moments that occurred during the sport—moments that might have tried the strongest nerve.

In one photograph we see a line of elephants encircling and beating up the quarry. Not only so, but the photographer has been able to obtain a snap-shot of the tigers themselves, surly, ill-tempered, ferocious, grimly retiring before their massive enemies. It is a picture to remind us of the Roman amphitheatre. Only in the latter the animals emerged from the caves and cages where they had been confined. Here they are at liberty, save for the wall of elephants that with gleaming white tusks advance and threaten the ferocious kings of the cat tribe. On one occasion a raging tiger is seen in the very act of charging His Majesty. No one can call this armchair sport. Unfortunately, we had evidence during the course of last year that, in spite of the arms of precision which the human hunter carries, it is possible for the beasts of the forest to make a fatal attack. We all remember with regret the fate of Sir Edward Grey's brother, who, although accompanied by friends and having taken the usual precautions, was clawed to death by a lion. The King, like all the other members of our Royal Family, appears to be impervious to physical fear. He shot as coolly and well as though he had been in one of the pheasant preserves at Sandringham. But

the very concentration of his attention on this perilous sport must have had the effect of resting his mind from the anxieties of the Durbar. That is the greatest reason for encouraging outdoor sport. It gives to him who partakes of it the refreshment that leads to recreation.

Even the King may well have been proud of the sport obtained in Nepal. It was pointed out in the article which we

published previously how rich the district is in all kinds of game, and it is very evident, even from the small amount of information which has already been received, that His Majesty had an opportunity of enjoying the most diversified shooting. He has had a rich and varied experience of shooting in every part of the world, but we doubt very much if there is anything in his past experience finer than that which he has just enjoyed.

LITERATURE.

A BOOK OF THE WEEK.

A SHORT while ago there was published a book by Mr. J. L. Hammond and Mrs. Hammond that evoked many and diverse expressions of opinion. Issued by Longmans, Green and Co., it is entitled *The Village Labourer 1760-1832*. The expert reader will easily surmise that it is mainly concerned with the effect of the Enclosure Acts. No more weighty question could be discussed. According to Johnson's Table, two thousand seven hundred and six Acts were passed between 1700 and 1844, and they affected in round numbers about six million acres. Important changes followed. The small yeoman farmer suffered most. As long as he had access to common grazing it was possible for him to make a livelihood out of his fifty or one hundred acres. Slowly and gradually his numbers began to diminish, and the rate was accelerated when quickening industry began to hold out more lucrative inducements. In counties adapted for small holdings, they withheld change. The counties of Buckingham and Herts still show many examples. So do Kent, Cheshire and various districts in Wales. Cumberland statesmen also were unaffected. In many villages the field and other names still recall the common-field system. To be found are still—So and so East Field, West Field, the Balks, the Strips, the Waste and so on. Our authors are concerned with the effect on the labourer, and they utterly condemn it. Their judgment would have carried more weight if it had been unaffected by bias. Unfortunately, the very terms employed are calculated to show them prejudiced. Owners of land are habitually spoken of as "the governing classes," with the implication that they made laws for their own advantage. Passages like the following abound: "The governing class continued its policy of extinguishing the old village life and all the relationships and interests attached to it, with unsparring and unhesitating hand." It was a pity to spoil a careful and interesting study by the introduction of foolish and partisan statements of this kind. Besides, the most important question is shirked when the authors refuse "to inquire into the truth of the view that the sweeping policy of enclosure increased the productions and resources of the State." The "truth of the view" is admitted by competent authorities, and it makes a very good deal of difference whether we have to regard the conditions in the early half of the nineteenth century as the inevitable result of a wicked measure or as the confusion incidental to a change on the whole beneficent.

What seems to trouble Mr. and Mrs. Hammond most is that the labourer, in the favourite phrase of Mr. Jesse Collings, has been divorced from the land. In the English village of pre-enclosure days he stood on the lowest rung of the ladder, and yet, by his participation in Common Rights, was partly a proprietor. The statement is theoretic and sentimental. After enclosure, the labourer's interest in his task continued to be stimulated by his retention of payment in kind. He grew his own meal and potatoes as well as those of his master, and in many districts he had prescriptive rights to the grazing of a cow or its equivalent. But the ideal at which he has aimed this many a year has been to do away with these privileges in favour of a strictly cash payment. Land under modern conditions is a food factory, and what the hands would like are rigid definitions of hours and duties, *plus* the highest wages possible. Theoretically, a social ladder existed in the old village; practically, its rungs to-day are much easier of ascent, because, if something has been taken from the labourer, more has been given in the way of education, widened choice of employment and facilities for obtaining land as his own.

As historians of the period under review, Mr. and Mrs. Hammond lay themselves open to damaging criticisms on several lines. We have no hesitation whatever in admitting that they have a case. The period selected was one of the worst in the history of the English peasantry. When wheat and other cereals were at famine prices it was, to say the least, unfair that the daily toilers on the land should have been receiving almost the lowest wages recorded. They did not obtain their share of the agricultural prosperity, which proves that the connection between the margin of profit and the amount

of wages is slender in the extreme. When the commons were enclosed, again it was the cottager who suffered injustice. It was recognised at the time, and has been ever since, that he did not receive an equivalent for the rights withdrawn. The "poor man's land," which still exists in some villages, was not sufficient, and the allotments that were marked out soon reached a rent that made their occupancy no privilege. Nor is anyone likely at this time of day to defend the very stringent Game Laws then in force. Transportation for trespass in pursuit of game was much too grave a punishment. At the same time, our authors are scarcely entitled to judge the end of the eighteenth and the beginning of the nineteenth century by the ideals and conditions of to-day. In spite of all drawbacks, the peasants have made as much progress in England as they have done in any other part of the world, and even in those times the so-called governing classes produced many individuals whose solicitude for the welfare of the poor was profound and sincere. The picture drawn would not have been by any means so lurid if the writers had not seized with avidity upon passages in writers like Cobbett, who were prone to exaggeration. Their bias is perhaps most obvious when they are comparing the utterances of those who pointed out the wastefulness and idleness engendered by the old common-field system with the advocacy of the system set out in a petition to Parliament. Among others who are quoted is Arbuthnot, who said:

The benefit which they are supposed to reap from commons, in their present state, I know to be merely nominal.

In the Report on Somerset in 1795 it is pointed out that the possession of common rights often made the peasant acquire a habit of indolence, so that "quarter, half, and occasionally whole days are imperceptibly lost." In opposition to statements of this kind our writers say that it is interesting to learn "what the commoners themselves thought of its moral atmosphere." They find this in a petition sent to Parliament from Raunds in Northamptonshire. One does not usually look to a document of this kind for a revelation of inner thought, as it is generally drawn up with all available cleverness for the occasion. The character of the petition may be judged from the following extract :

a most ruinous Effect of this Inclosure will be the almost total Depopulation of their Town, now filled with bold and hardy Husbandmen, from among whom, and the Inhabitants of other open Parishes, the Nation has hitherto derived its greatest Strength and Glory, in the Supply of its Fleets and Armies.

A moment's consideration will be enough to show that the men who enlisted in those days had no great temptation to stay at home. And the opinion very freely expressed by men who had every claim to be called disinterested, that the style of cultivation then in vogue was not advantageous to any class in society, carries at least as much weight as the words of a petition against enclosure. The truth is that that opposition was wrong and useless. What would have been to the point was a claim for more substantial compensation than Parliament offered. Another defect in the argument is the very little attention that the writers have paid to the Midlands, the North of England and Scotland. Probably the peasantry in the latter country was at the time indicated the most vigorous and enterprising in Europe. It was then that Scotsmen of the homeliest origin forged their way ahead in every part of the world. Nevertheless, they had none of the advantages which, in the opinion of Mr. and Mrs. Hammond, would have remedied the evils in the South. Their money wages were most extremely small and their hold on the ground even slighter. There were many little lairds, "bonnet lairds," as they were called; but the actual labourers had to rise early and work late, generally for a mere pittance of wages. They got through by utilising oatmeal, which they made into porridge or crowdie for breakfast; into cakes, which, with a hard piece of cheese, served them for dinner; while the last meal in the day was generally a slight variation of those that had preceded it. But sentimentalism could not go further than the comments made upon those who tried to teach the poor in the South of England that their way to salvation lay along the line of frugality. Our authors put this statement with a sneer when they say "clearly the starving youth was to be saved by the introduction of cheap

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cereals." Those who gave this advice are chidden in the following passage :

They did not know that a romantic and adventurous appetite is one of the blessings of an easy life, and that the more miserable a man's condition, and the fewer his comforts, the more does he shrink from experiments of diet. They were therefore surprised and displeased to find that labourers rejected soup, even soup served at a rich man's table, exclaiming, "This is washy stuff, that affords no nourishment : we will not be fed on meal, and chopped potatoes like hogs. Experience, however, has confounded the notion here expressed. The hardy Northmen who cultivated the land between the Humber and the Tay had won their way to higher wages and a better position generally than those in the South who disdained to follow their example. In the same spirit the authors seem inclined to defend the labourers resisting the introduction of machinery by rick-burning. Here, again, they fail to study the distant horizon. Always the individual worker thinks that he is a martyr when labour-saving machinery is introduced ; but as time goes on it is found that improved methods increase employment and do not diminish it. Allusion is made to the straw-plaiting trade, which was pursued at Luton and in the neighbourhood. We have interviewed some of the old people who did this work, and the payment seems to have come out at the rate of about a penny per hour. English straw-plaiting was ruined by the introduction of lighter, cheaper and more adaptable straw-plait from abroad, chiefly from Japan, China and Italy. To-day it is safe to say that out of this business there are a hundred people earning good wages for one who was able to win a pittance in the old days.

A FINE STORY OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

The Shadow of Power, by Paul Bertram. (John Lane.)

"THE SHADOW OF POWER" is a romance of the sixteenth century and the Inquisition. The time is that of the burning of witches, the practising of black magic and the like ; and the story purports to be in part the journal, found in an old house in Antwerp, of one Don Jaime de Jorquera, sent down as Governor of the city and district of Geertruydenberg in Holland, with full civil and military powers, to quell a suspected revolt. Don Jaime arrives in the city in time to delay, and ultimately to prevent, the burning of a beautiful Dutch girl who has been falsely accused of witchcraft. At considerable danger to the position he holds he saves her life, and in return he wins her gratitude

and love. Meantime, however, he has been much attracted by her cousin, the daughter of a rich Hollander, who has offered him hospitality from the outset. Dona Isabel Van der Veeren is of Dutch and Spanish descent, and though in feature amazingly like her cousin Marion de Breholles, whose life Don Jaime has rescued from the flames, is of a more spirited and reckless temper. Between these two there is quickly enmity on her side and love on his. She flouts him, and, stung by her contempt, he forces her, through the strength of his position of Governor, into marriage with him. The result is disastrous. The story is a fine one. Mr. Bertram has originality, command of his subject, and a power of beautiful description which brings vividly before the reader the scenes he so ably describes. His book deserves to be widely read.

LA JEUNE AMERICAINE.

The Activities of Lavie Jutt, by Marguerite and Armiger Barclay. (Stanley Paul.)

A LIVING and amusing story of a young American lady in England, full of action and bright writing, this is a capital novel for a tired afternoon or a railway journey. It is none the worse for being as incredible as a comic opera. Lavie's activities have a very wide range. She is equally clever at business and the work of an amateur detective ; can shoot straight with a revolver and is well up in the details of banking. Her career ends happily when she becomes Countess of Loamington with a dower of two millions, a priceless diamond and a husband she adores. Its happy impossibility constitutes its greatest charm.

MR. BARRY PAIN IN THE TRAGIC MASK.

Stories in Grey, by Barry Pain. (T. Werner Laurie.)

WITH a decided gift for story-telling, Mr. Barry Pain has, like many another, his own particular bent ; and, when following that bent, he is inimitable. Tragedy, coming from one of so happy a humour, provokes an instinctive protest. Nevertheless, there are several stories here which make a distinct appeal for appreciation, one of the best being "Saint Martin's Summer," a slight sketch but persuasive, and another, "Locris of The Tower," suggestive of the influence of Edgar Allan Poe. "The Unknown God," on the other hand, is poor ; one is somewhat surprised to find it included in the volume.

STEPHEN JANISSARY III.

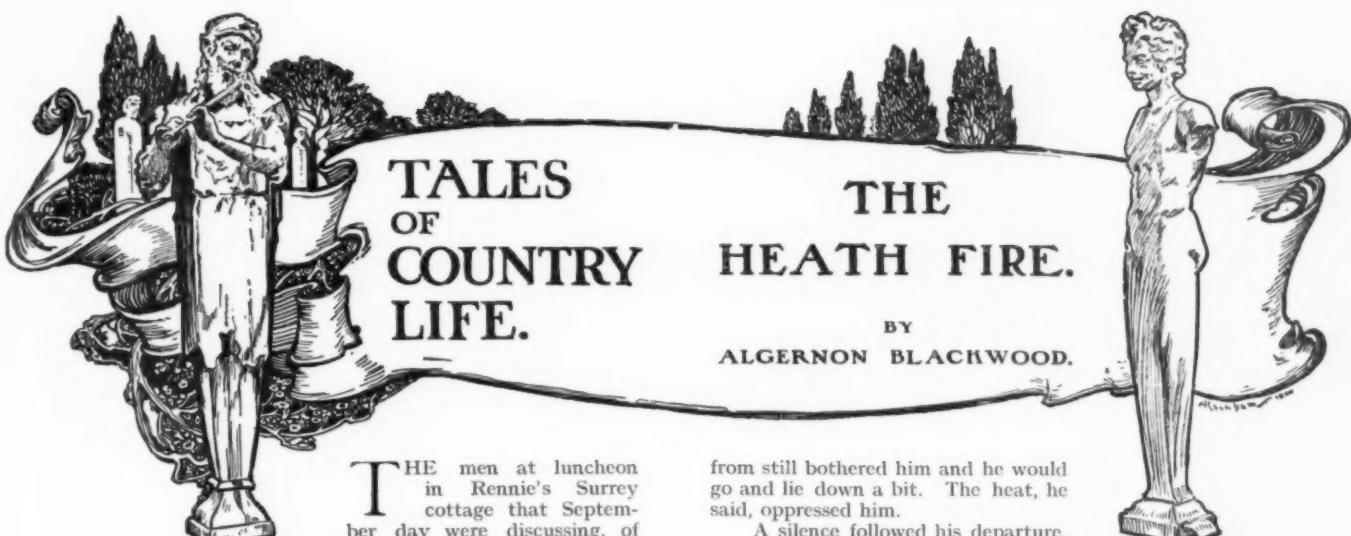
An Enemy to Society, by George Bronson-Howard. (T. Werner Laurie.)

IT seems improbable that *An Enemy to Society* would have been written had not "The House of a Thousand Candles" led the way. Mr. George Bronson-Howard tells a good story with spirit and dash ; and, if one does not enquire too closely into the probability of the plot and the actions of the characters, one cannot fail to be considerably diverted. The kidnapping of Stephen Janissary III., if not a strikingly original device with which to lure the reader, is at the same time one that seldom fails to rouse curiosity.



OFF TO THE HILLS FOR SKI-ING.

At Mürren and other Swiss resorts, skaters, owing to the weather, have forsaken the ice for the snow.



THE HEATH FIRE.

BY
ALGERNON BLACKWOOD.

THE men at luncheon in Rennie's Surrey cottage that September day were discussing, of course, the heat. All agreed it had been exceptional. But nothing unusual was said until O'Hara spoke of the heath fires. They had been rather terrific, several in a single day, devouring trees and bushes, endangering human life, and spreading with remarkable rapidity. The flames, too, had been extraordinarily high and vehement for heath fires. And O'Hara's tone had introduced into the commonplace talk something new—the element of mystery; it was nothing definite he said, but manner, eyes, hushed voice and the rest conveyed it. And it was genuine. What he *felt* reached the others rather than what he said. The atmosphere in the little room, with the honeysuckle trailing sweetly across the open windows, changed; the talk became of a sudden less casual, frank, familiar; and the men glanced at one another across the table, laughing still, yet with an odd touch of constraint marking little awkward, unfilled pauses. Being a group of normal Englishmen, they disliked mystery; it made them feel uncomfortable; for the things O'Hara hinted at had touched that kind of elemental terror that lurks secretly in all human beings. Guarded by "culture," but never wholly concealed, the unwelcome thing made its presence known—the hint of primitive dread that, for instance, great thunder-storms, tidal waves, or violent conflagrations rouse.

And instinctively they fell at once to discussing the obvious causes of the fires. The stockbroker, scenting imagination, edged mentally away, sniffling. But the journalist was full of brisk information, "simply given." "The sun starts them in Canada with a dewdrop as a lens," he said, "and an engine's spark, remember, carries an immense distance without losing its heat." "But hardly miles," said another, who had not been really listening.

"It's my belief," put in the critic keenly, "that a lot were done on purpose. Bits of live coal wrapped in cloth were found, you know." He was a little, weasel-faced iconoclast, dropping the acid of doubt and disbelief wherever he went, but offering nothing in the place of what he destroyed. His head was turret-shaped, lips tight and thin, nose and chin running to points like gimlets with which he bored into the unremunerative clays of life.

"The general unrest, yes," the journalist supported him, and tried to draw the conversation on to labour questions. But their host preferred the fire talk. "I must say," he put in gravely, "that some of the blazes hereabouts were uncommonly—er—queer. They started, I mean, so oddly. You remember, O'Hara, only last week that suspicious one over Kettlebury way—?"

It seemed he wished to draw the artist out, and that the artist, feeling the general opposition, declined. "Why seek an unusual explanation at all?" the critic said at length, impatiently. "It's all natural enough if you ask me."

"Natural! Oh yes!" broke in O'Hara, with a sudden vehemence that betrayed feeling none had as yet suspected; "provided you don't limit the word to mean only what we understand. There's nothing anywhere—unnatural."

A laugh cut short the threatened tirade, and the journalist expressed the general feeling with "Oh you, Jim! You'd see a devil in a dust-storm, or a fairy in the tea-leaves of your cup!"

"And why not, pray? Devils and fairies are every bit as true as formulae."

Someone tactfully guided them away from a profitless discussion, and they talked glibly of the damage done, the hideousness of the destroyed moors, the gaunt, black, ugly slopes, fifty-foot flames, roaring noises and the splendour of the enormous smoke-clouds that had filled the skies. And Rennie, still hoping to coax O'Hara, repeated tales the beaters had brought in that crying, as though living things were caught, had been heard in places, and that some had seen tall shapes of fire passing headlong through the choking smoke. For the note O'Hara had struck refused to be ignored. It went on sounding underneath the commonest remark; and the atmosphere to the end retained that curious tinge that he had given to it—of the strange, the ominous, the mysterious and unexplained. Until, at last, the artist, having added nothing further to the talk, got up with some abruptness and left the room. He complained briefly that the fever he had suffered

from still bothered him and he would go and lie down a bit. The heat, he said, oppressed him.

A silence followed his departure, and the broker drew a sigh as though the market had gone up. But Rennie, old, comprehending friend, looked anxious. "Excitement," he said, "not oppression, is the word he meant. He's always a bit strung up when that Black Sea fever gets him. He brought it with him from Batoum." And another brief silence followed.

"Been with you most of the summer, hasn't he?" enquired the journalist, on the trail of a "par," "painting those wild things of his that no one understands." And their host, weighing a moment how much he might in fairness tell, replied—among friends it was—"Yes; and this summer they have been more—er—wild and wonderful than usual—an extraordinary rush of colour—splendid schemes, 'conceptions,' I believe you critics call 'em, of fire, as though, in a way, the unusual heat had possessed him for interpretation." The group expressed its desultory interest by uninspired interjections.

"That was what he meant just now when he said the fires had been mysterious, required explanation, or something—the way they started, rather," concluded Rennie.

Then he hesitated. He laughed a moment, and it was an uneasy, apologetic little laugh. How to continue he hardly knew. Also, he wished to protect his friend from the cheap jeering of miscomprehension. "He is very imaginative, you know," he went on, quietly, as no one spoke. "You remember that glorious mad thing he did of the Fallen Lucifer—driving a star across the heavens till the heat of the descent set a light to half the planets, scorched the old moon to a white cinder that she now is, and passed close enough to earth to send our oceans up in a single jet of steam? Well, this time—he's been at something every bit as wild, only truer—finer. And what is it? Briefly, then, he's got the idea, it seems, that the unusual heat from the sun this year has penetrated deep enough—in places—especially on these unprotected heaths that retain their heat so cleverly—to reach another kindred expression—to waken a response—in sympathy, you see—from the central fires of the earth."

He paused again a moment awkwardly, conscious how clumsily he expressed it. "The parent getting into touch again with its lost child, eh? See the idea? Return of the fire prodigal, as it were?"

His listeners stared in silence, the broker looking his obvious relief that O'Hara was not on 'Change, the critic's eyes glancing sharply down that pointed, boring nose of his.

"And the central fires have felt it and risen in response," continued Rennie in a lower voice. "You see the idea? It's big, to say the least. The volcanoes have answered too—there's old Etna, the giant of 'em all, breaking out in fifty new mouths of flame. Heat is latent in everything, only waiting to be called out. That match you're striking, this coffee-pot, the warmth in our bodies, and so on—their heat comes first from the sun, and is therefore an actual part of the sun, the origin of all heat and life. And so O'Hara, you know, who sees the universe as a single homogeneous *One* and—and—well, I give it up. Can't explain it, you see. You must get him to do that. But somehow this year—cloudless—the protecting armour of water all gone too—the sun's rays managed to sink in and reach their kind buried deep below. Perhaps, later, we may get him to show us the studies that he's made—whew!—the most—er—amazing things you ever saw!"

The "superiority" of unimaginative minds was inevitable, making Rennie regret that he had told so much. It was almost as if he had been untrue to his friend. But at length the group broke up for the afternoon. They left messages for O'Hara. Two motored, and the journalist took the train. The critic followed his sharp nose to London, where he might ferret out the failures that his mind delighted in. And when they were gone the host slipped quickly upstairs to find his friend. The heat was unbearable to suffocation, the little bedroom like an oven. But Jim O'Hara was not in it.

For, instead of lying down as he had said, a fierce revolt, stirred by the talk of those unvisioned minds below, had wakened, and the deep, sensitive poet's soul in him had leaped suddenly to

the acceptance of an impossible thing. He had escaped, driven forth by the secret call of wonder. He made full speed for the destroyed moors. Fever or no fever, he must see for himself. Did no one understand? Was he the only one? Walking quickly, he passed the Frensham Ponds, came through that spot of loneliness and beauty, the Lion's Mouth, noting that even there the pool of water had dried up and the rushes waved in the hot air over a bed of hard, caked mud, and so reached within the hour the wide expanse of Thursley Common. On every side the world stretched dark and burnt, a cemetery of cinders. Great thrills rushed through his heart, and with the power of a tide that yet came at flashing speed the truth rose up in him. Half running now, he plunged forward another mile or two, and found himself, the only living thing, amid the great waste of heather land. The blazing sunlight drenched it. It lay, a sheet of weird dark beauty, spreading like a black, enormous garden as far as the eye could reach.

Then, breathless, he paused and looked about him. Within his heart something, long smouldering, ran into sudden flame. Light blazed upon his inner world. For as the scorch of vehement passion may quicken into life whole tracts of consciousness, that lie ordinarily inert and unproductive, so here the surface of the earth had turned alive. He knew, he saw, he understood.

Here, in these open sun-traps that gathered and retained the heat, the fire of the universe had dropped and lain, increasing week by week. These parched, dry months, the soil free from rejecting and protective moisture, had let it all accumulate till at length it had sunk downwards, inwards, and the sister fires below, responding to the touch of their ancient parent source, too long unknown, unfelt, had answered with a swift uprising roar. They had come up with answering joy, and here and there had actually reached the surface, and had broken out with leaping, dancing cry, wild to escape from an age-long prison back to their huge, eternal origin. This sunshine, ah! what was it? These farthing dips of heat men complained about in their tiny, cage-like houses! It scorched the grass and fields, yes; but the surface never held it long enough to let it dip to union with its kindred of the darker fires beneath! They cried for it, but union was ever denied and stifled by the weight of cooled and cooling rock. And the ages of separation had almost cooled remembrance too—fire—the kiss and strength of fire—the flaming embrace and burning lips of the father sun himself. He could have cried with the fierce delight of it all, and the picture he would paint rose there before him, burnt gloriously into the canvas of the entire heavens. For was not his own heat and life also from the sun?

He stared about him in the deep silence of the afternoon. The world was still. It basked in the windless heat. No living thing stirred, for the common forms of life had fled away. Earth waited. He, too, waited. And then some touch of intuition, blown to white heat, supplied the link the pedestrian intellect missed, and he knew that what he waited for was on the way. For he must *see*. The message he should paint would come before his outer eye as well, though not, as he had first stupidly expected, on some grand, enormous scale. Rather would it be the equivalent of that still, small voice that once had inspired an entire nation.

The wind passed very softly across the unburnt patch of heather where he lay; he heard it rustling in the skeletons of scorched birch trees and in the gorse and furze bushes that the flame had left so ghostly pale. Further off it sang in the isolated pines, dying away like surf upon some far-off reef. He smelt the bitter perfume of burnt soil, the pungent, acrid odour of beaten ashes. The purple-black of the moors yawned like openings in the side of the earth. In all directions for miles stretched the deep emptiness of the heather-lands, an immense, dark, magic garden, still black with the feet of wonder that had flown across it and left it so beautifully scarred. The shadow of the terrible embrace still trailed and lingered as though midnight had screened a time of passion with this curtain of her softest plumes.

And they had called it ugly, had spoken of its marred beauty, its hideousness! He laughed exultantly as he drank it in, for the weird and savage splendour everywhere broke loose and spread, passing from the earth into the receptive substance of his own mind. Even the roots of gorse and heather, like petrified dim spiders or shadow-eating snakes, charged with the mystery of that eternal underworld whence they had risen, lay waiting for the return of the night of sleep whence the fire had wakened them. Lost ghosts of a salamander army that the flame had swept above the ground, they lay anguished and frightened in the glare of the unaccustomed sun.

And waiting, he stared about him in the deep silence of the afternoon. Hazy with distance he saw the peak of Crooksbury, dim in its sheet of pines, waving a blue-plumed crest into the sky for signal; and close about him rose the more sombre glory of the lesser knolls and boulders, still cloaked in the swarthy magic of the smoke. Amid pools of ashes in the nearer hollows he saw the blue beauty of the fire-weed that rushes so instantly into life behind all conflagrations, blowing softly in the wind; while here and there, set like emeralds upon some dusky bosom, lay the brilliant spires of the fresh young bracken that rose to clap a thousand tiny hands in the heart of exquisite desolation. In a cloud of green they rustled in the wind above the sea of black. And so within himself O'Hara realised the huge excitement of the flame this fragment of the earth had felt. For fire, mysterious symbol of universal life, spirit that prodigally gives itself without itself diminishing, had passed in power across this ancient heatherland, leaving the soul of it all naked and unashamed. The sun had loved it. The fires

below had risen up and answered. They had known that union with their source which some call death.

And the fires were rising still. The poet's heart in him became suddenly and awfully aware. Ye stars of fire! This patch of unburnt heather where he lay had been untouched as yet, but now the flame in his soul had brought the little needed link and he would *see*. The thing of wonder that the universe should teach him how to paint was already on the way. Called by the sun, tremendous, splendid parent, the central fires were still astir.

And he turned, weakness and exultation racing for possession of him. The wind passed softly over his face, and with it came a faint, dry sound. It was distant and yet close beside him. At the stir of it there rose also in himself a strange vast thing that was bigger than the bulk of the moon and wide as the extension of swept forests, yet small and gentle as a blade of grass that breaks the lawn in spring. And he realised then that "within" and "without" had turned one, and over the entire moorland happened this thing that was actually at the same time happening in a white-hot point of his own heart. He was linked with the sun and the furthest star, and in his little finger glowed the heat and fire of the universe itself. In sympathy *his own fires were rising too*.

The sound was born—a faint, light noise of crackling in the heather at his feet. He bent his head and searched, and among the obscure and tiny underways of the roots he saw a tip of curling smoke rise slowly upwards. It moved in a thin, blue spiral past his face. Then terror took him that was like a terror of the mountains, yet with it at the same time a realisation of beauty that made the heart leap within him into a dazzling, fierce radiance. For the incense of this fairy column of thin smoke drew his soul out with it—upwards towards its source. He rose to his feet trembling.

He watched the line rise slowly to the sky and vanish into blue. The wide expanse of blackened heather-land watched too. Wind sank away; the sunshine dropped to meet it. A sense of deep expectancy, profound and reverent, lay over all that sun-baked moor; and the entire sweep of burnt world about him knew with joy that what was taking place in that wee, isolated patch of Surrey heather was the thing the Hebrew mystic knew when the Soul of the Universe became manifest in the bush that burned, yet never was consumed. In that faint sound of crackling, as he stood aside to listen and to watch, O'Hara knew a form of the eternal Voice of Ages. There was no flame, but it seemed to him that all his inner being passed in fiery heat outwards towards its source. . . . He saw the little patch of dried-up heather sink to the level of the black surface all about it—a sifted pile of delicate, pale blue ashes. The tiny spiral vanished; he watched it disappear, winding upwards out of sight in a little ghostly trail of beauty. So small and soft and simple was this wonder of the world. It was gone. And something in himself had broken, dropped in ashes, and passed also outwards like a tiny, mounting flame.

But the picture O'Hara had thought himself designed to paint was never done. It was not even begun. The great canvas of "The Fire Worshippers" stood empty on the easel, for the artist had not strength to lift a brush. Within two days the final breath passed slowly from his lips. The strange fever that so perplexed the doctor by its rapid development and its fury so easily took him. His temperature was extraordinary. The heat, as of an internal fire, fairly devoured him, and the smile upon his face at the last—so Rennie declared—was the most perplexingly wonderful thing he had ever seen. "It was like a great, white flame," he said.

THE CROCUSES.

The sturdy little green men,
They peep above the mould,
January laughs at them,
January's old.
"Bulbs," he cries, "for babies
That cannot face the cold."

But the sturdy little green men,
Their eyes are on the day,
January laughs at them,
January may.
"Bulbs were meant for bursting,"
The little green men say.

The sturdy little green men,
Their hearts, they know, are sound,
Youth's the time for daring,
Breaking up the ground,
Hide and seek with snowstorms
To spin the seasons round.

H. H. BASHFORD.

NICOTINE AND ITS RARIORA.—II.

THE 1755 Masonic trade card of D. Laing, presumably a Scotch tobacconist carrying on business at Clare Street, Clare Market, is interesting for several reasons. It not only gives a very good idea of a typical Frenchman, Dutchman and British tar of the period, but the quaint lines:

These three unite in
the same cause,
This Snuffs, that
Smokes, the other
Chaws,

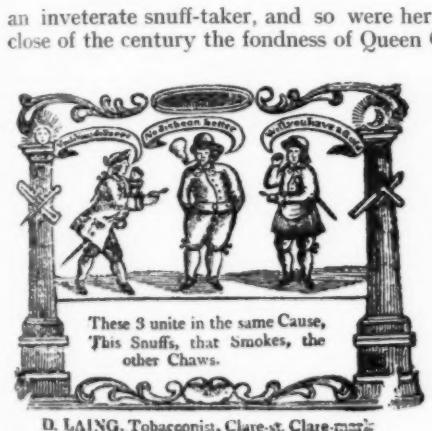
sufficiently indicate the various uses to which "the tawney weed" was put by Freemasons, as well as by other citizens, towards the middle of the eighteenth century, in the early days of which Alexander Pope described the snuff-box as "breathing all Arabia," and in his "Essay on Man" portrays:

Sir Plume, of amber
snuff-box justly vain
And the nice conduct
of a clouded cane.

Queen Anne was successors. At the Charlotte for scented snuff was notorious, and one or two of her daughters followed her example. Dr. Johnstone and his friends all indulged in snuffing, and it was of Sir Joshua Reynolds, also a member of the Turk's Head Club, that Goldsmith penned the lines:

When they talked of
their Raphaels, Corregios and stuff,
He shifted his trumpet,
and only took snuff.

CHIPPENDALE DESIGN FOR A TOBACCO-CARD (1770).



MASONIC CARD (1755)

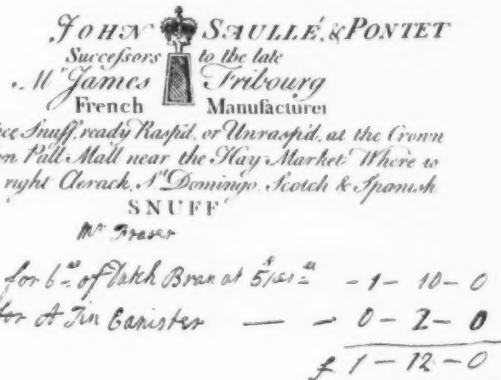
The strongest pronouncement in favour of snuff was made in January, 1823, by Samuel Taylor Coleridge, who wrote in his "Table Talk":

"You abuse snuff! Perhaps it is the final cause of the human nose." Mr. Fribourg, whose business is still represented in the Haymarket, must have flourished an entire century before these lines were written. In 1768 his shop at the curious sign of the Crown and Rasp in Pall Mall, near the Haymarket, was already in the hands of his successors, John Saullé and Pontet. The billhead now reproduced discloses the name;



A MASONIC CARD OF 1770, SHOWING THE PROCESS OF SNUFF-GRINDING.

of various kinds of snuff, some of which are quite forgotten, for the snuff trade had a terminology of its own. The shop of Bewlay in the Strand is even older than that of his neighbour, Burgess. It was at Bewlay's that Queen Charlotte, Lord Chesterfield, Mr. Pitt and all the best-known personages of the Court of George III. used to purchase their choice "Scotch," "Rappee" or "Spanish." The King himself considered that his snuff was improved by the addition of a glass of port wine! The blending of snuff was almost a fine art, and Fanny Burney showed considerable skill in preparing the "mixture" which delighted the soul of her Royal mistress. Under the date of Sunday, August 6th, 1786, she writes: "This morning, before church, Miss Planta was sent to me by the Queen, for some snuff to be mixed as before; when I had prepared it, I carried it as directed, to her



*See the full contents
by me G. Pontet & Co*

THE CROWN AND RASP CARD OF 1768.

Majesty's dressing-room. . . . Her Majesty only motioned to me that the snuff might be put in a box upon the table. I did not execute my task very expeditiously. Just as I finished my commission the King entered. Turning to me with a good-humoured laugh, he said, 'Miss Burney, I hear you cook snuff very well.' 'Cook snuff!' repeated the Princess Augusta, laughing, 'pray Miss Burney let me have one pinch.' The Princess Elizabeth exclaimed, 'Miss Burney I hope you hate snuff? I hope you do, for I hate it of all things of the world.' So in 1786 the merits of snuff divided the Royal Family of England. The Duke of Sussex, one of Queen Charlotte's sons, was an enthusiastic collector of Bibles and snuff-boxes. Some of the latter fetched enormous prices after the death of the late Duke of Cambridge. Napoleon both snuffed and was a liberal donor of snuff-boxes. The costly *tabatiere* he sent to Lady Holland is now in the British Museum.

It was at Bewlay's in the Strand that the Duke of Sussex used to purchase his pipes. The use of a horse-mill



*Price's
Best Scotch Snuff.
Leicester.*

A SNUFF-SELLER'S CARD OF 1750 SHOWING A SNUFF MILL.

indulging in a pinch of snuff. Bury Street has always been a tobacco trade-centre. On the site of Delvalle's warehouse Mr. Teofani carried on his well-known cigarette business before migrating to Bloomsbury. The trade of the tobacconist was not

as frequently combined with that of the grocer as it was in the Victorian era. Into the beautiful trade card of George Farr, grocer,



ELABORATE TRADE CARD OF 1760.

at the sign of the Bee-hive and Three Sugar Loaves in Wood Street, Cheapside, is introduced two vignettes of a Spanish horse snuff-mill and a Scottish mull. Farr, moreover, announces the sale of "all sorts of fine Teas, Coffee, Chocolate, Sago, best Spanish, Scotch, Rappé and Portugal snuffs, finest Blues and Starch." As early as Queen Anne's reign the compounding of snuff was regarded as a polite accomplishment.

Recipes for scented snuff are given in a curious little work entitled "Beauty's Treasury, or the Ladies' Vademecum." The chapter dealing with the subject is headed "To prepare curious wholesome snuffs, both in Powder and Liquid, for comforting the Brain, etc., and how to perfume them." Among the scents recommended for the purpose are amber, orange-flower water, angel water, jessamine, musk-roses, violets and so forth. Directions are also given for colouring snuff red or yellow, and for restoring snuff which had lost its pungency. Liquid snuff "for comforting the brain and easing pains in the head" could be thus concocted:

Take flowers of Rosemary two Pound, steep them in a pint of Benjamin Water, distil them, and with the Water drop Oil of sweet Majoram, Mace and



TOBACCONIST'S SIGN ONCE IN TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD.

discovered the secret of drying the snuff long known by his own name, or that Robert Tyar published his "A Pinch of Snuff," a most amusing little book treating not only of snuff-taking, but of

Dizziness, and remove Vapours or ill Airs, that arise to cloud and disturb the Brain, it will also take away Dulness and Heaviness of the Eyes, rendering them cheerful (*sic*) and lively.

The literature of the snuff-taker is by no means as voluminous as that of the tobacco-smoker, but a good deal of interesting information is contained in a curious little volume, the title of which is "Nicotiana," or the "Smoker and Snuff-taker's Companion." Lillie, the well-known perfumer of Beaufort's Buildings, dates its general introduction into England from the Duke of Ormond's expedition against Cadiz in 1702, during which several thousand barrels of Spanish snuff were taken. On the return of the fleet wagon loads of "Vigo snuff" were sold in Portsmouth, Plymouth and Chatham at fourpence per pound, to the great profit of sundry Spanish Jews.

The custom of "snuffing" quickly caught on, but it was Lundy Foot of Dublin who introduced and popularised the common scented snuffs in vogue about the middle of the eighteenth century. By a happy accident he discovered the secret of drying the snuff long known by his own name, or that Robert Tyar published his "A Pinch of Snuff," a most amusing little book treating not only of snuff-taking, but of



TRADE CARD COMBINING GROCERY AND TOBACCO (ABOUT 1760).



Tabac a la Nelson
bei Cornwallis & C.
in London.



Tabac a la Bonaparte
bei Heinrich Horn sun
in Leipzig
auf der grünen Tasche 4, 1766



Tabac a la
Napoleon
chez Duport & a Paris
NELSON AND NAPOLEON ON TOBACCO WRAPPERS.



snuff-boxes, snuff-shops, snuff-takers and snuff-papers. The writer ascribes the invention of snuff to a Spaniard named Grijaloa, who flourished in 1518. In 1624 the taking of snuff was anathematised by Pope Urban VIII. There were a few "snuffers" during the reigns of Charles II. and William and Mary; but, as we have already seen, after the accession of Queen Anne, there was scarcely a man of rank who did not "carry about with him the insidious dust, some in boxes of porcelain, agate, ebony and tortoiseshell; others in the hollow head of the cane, at that time as indispensable an appendage as the sword." Queen Charlotte was an inveterate snuff-taker at seventeen, and her son George IV. is supposed to have inherited from her the art of taking it with elegance. The youthful Princess Charlotte, however, was as opposed to snuff-taking as her aunt the Princess Elizabeth. At a ball given by the old Queen to the juvenile nobility, the Princess Charlotte, being requested to name a dance, called for "What a beau my granny was," the tune of a song beginning:

What a beau she was!
She took snuff, and that's enough
And that's enough for me.

The only shops now existing in London where such terms as Masulipatam, Grimston's Eye Snuff, Hardham's, 37, Lord Rochester, Gillespie, Anstruther and Norcot mixtures and Bolangaro would be understood are those of Bewlay and Fribourg. Rappee means rasped, and black rappee was made from plain Virginia tobacco. "Prince's Mixture," called after the Regent, was scented with otto of roses. It was "Violet Strasburg" that found favour in the eyes of Queen Charlotte, and her fondness for it was shared by Pitt, Fox, Sheridan, Mrs. Fitzherbert and Colonel Hanger. The secret of its success lay in a happy admixture of rappee and bitter almonds, reduced to a fine powder, to which ambergris and attar-gal are added. Royalty also favoured the mixtures known as Cologne, Old Paris and Carotte.

We have no concern with snuff-shops and signs except so far as they relate to the trade cards with which the present writer is now dealing. It was the firm of Fribourg and Treyer, the successors of the owners of the business carried on at the Crown and Rasp in 1760, which, in 1830, acquired the enormous stock of scented snuff accumulated by George IV. for the Royal pages, to whom it had been presented. No less than four thousand



AN UNUSUAL TOBACCO ADVERTISEMENT (ABOUT 1840).

pounds of this snuff was sold by them in eighteen months; but a reserve was retained for the benefit of old customers. In the "eighteen-forties" one still sung:

Rob me of money, houses, lands,
Yea, strip me to the buff;
Leave me but one of these—my hands
Yet leave—my pincé of snuff.

The Black Boy shown on more than one of the eighteenth century tobacco cards is older than the Highlander of more modern times.

Much ingenuity was displayed by tobacconists and snuff-dealers in the wrappers used for both commodities in which they dealt. Napoleon is said to have always favoured the use of the "tawney weed," and this possibly accounts for the prominence given to his portraits as First Consul, Emperor and Exile on the wrappers. Unlike Talleyrand, who only "snuffed" on principle, and used the *tabatière* elegantly as an aid to diplomacy, Napoleon took enormous pinches of snuff from a supply he carried loose in his waistcoat pocket. Like Frederick the Great, he consumed it by handfuls. During his exile in St. Helena, Fribourg and Treyer, who between 1815 and 1821 occupied the same house in the Haymarket as they do to-day, used to supply for his special use a snuff called Robillard. Lord Carlisle appealed in verse to Lady Holland to reject the Napoleonic snuff-box "for fear that horror and murder shall jump out of it." Lord Byron

read the lines beginning "Lady, reject the gift," and in the course of a few minutes produced the following counterblast:

Lady, accept the box a hero wore,
In spite of all this elegiac stuff:
Let not seven stanzas written by a bore,
Prevent your Ladyship from taking snuff.

The tobacco wrappers on which Nelson, Blucher and Wellington often figured, as well as Napoleon, are little less interesting than the tobacconists' trade card. Of the early advertisers of tobacco and snuff one of the most ingenious was Mr. Mackey, whose place of business was three doors from the Magdalen Asylum and seven doors from the Surrey Theatre. His imaginary play-bills were often very amusing, and they doubtless attracted a good deal of profitable business to the enterprising tradesman "on the other side of the water."

A. M. BROADLEY

SPORTS OF THE EAST.

RIFLE, Rod and Spear in the East," by Sir Edward Durand, Bart. (John Murray); "makes no claim to be considered as a work of art, no pretence of posing as a sporting classic; its object being but to tell the simple story of happy days passed in the jungle, as memory—picking up her many-coloured beads at random—strings her necklace on a thread of thanksgiving." With these words Sir Edward Durand concludes the preface to his volume of delightful reminiscences, which bears the above title, and it must be said at once that the author throughout the book habitually and modestly under-values his own powers of entertainment. The truth is that Sir Edward has enjoyed a very varied life of sport, and the "many-coloured beads" which he picks up are well worthy of the reader's attention. A wide experience, a sane outlook and a lucid style all have their due share in the production of a work which will be welcomed by "all amongst us who may be found ready to listen to a yarn from the lips of Assur-bani-pal, could that old Assyrian be brought back to tell us the story of his right and left lions on the Babylonian plain, to boast of his horses and bear witness to the pluck of the charioteer who played up to him." Pig-sticking and tiger-shooting give material for chapters that, to the general reader, will in all probability prove the most interesting in the book. Sir Edward, who likes a foeman worthy of his steel, writes eloquently of the courage of the boar. "The boar is no bully, is never wantonly aggressive, but he is never afraid. I have met him in a narrow path in the Chirkari preserves

face to face, and have stood still till he made his decision for peace or war. A quick scrutiny in his eyes, he faced me, ready to charge, until he had made up his mind that I intended no harm, when he winked, deliberately winked—intentionally or otherwise—then quietly turned and walked away—no threatening in his advance, and no hurry in his retreat. Yet once a boar has determined to fight, it is to the death, without flinching. No adversary will daunt him, no wound weaken his resolution. I have seen him, with two spears swaying from his flanks, charge horse after horse to their rider's discomfiture until he received his death stroke—to sink without a sob."

Sir Edward has at one time or another enjoyed tiger-hunting in all its forms, from the big occasions with the Maharajah of Nepal, when the party accounted for six in the day, to the hard and infinitely more sporting lone-handed hunt. Indeed, when the Maharajah sweeps a forest with a line of three or four hundred elephants no tiger can hope to escape. "It is not sport," says our author, "and the tiger is often cowed." Very different were his experiences with a wary animal that infested a group of villages in Central India where the country was singularly free from jungle. "He (the tiger) had been located," writes Sir Edward, "in a broad, dry stream bed, and I was lying with my bheelaia gun-bearer on a ledge of rock which commanded the bed, watching. My man nudged me gently as the beat came near, but I could see nothing in the light bush that moved, then he whispered, 'Look, there is his head. Fire!' Still I could not see him; but as I turned mine slightly in the direction indicated, a flash of yellow went through the scrub about fifty yards off, and he was back with a

roar through the beat. Curiously enough he knocked over two small boys with his tail in passing, but did no further harm to anyone, and some of the beaters followed him up the low bank, and saw him enter a hole in the open ground that was not large enough—apparently—to permit the passage of a tiger's head, yet that he was inside and that they had seen him enter was indubitable. I knelt down and fired two 12-bore shells into this hole, keeping a second rifle handy in case he showed, but there was no response, not even a growl. Then I made the villagers bring a large stone, which I forced into the entrance, hammering others into the ground to prevent its dislodgment, thus 'stopping' the earth, as I thought, most effectually, and sent a horseman into the Central India Horse Mess, some thirty miles off, to say how matters stood, and invite a friend to join me and bring some squibs with him. I waited all the next day, the beast still safely prisoned, but on receiving a letter telling me that my friend was away, I went alone the following morning to see what I could do. I found that a passage had been forced from the inside during the second night of his imprisonment, the stones partially displaced being smeared with blood and hair; but the tiger had squeezed out somehow. We were unable to trace him; though I remained for some days in the neighbourhood I could get no news of him. I fancy that he must have been wounded, and have shifted his quarters—for a time at any rate. He had killed several people, and was the terror of the whole district, but was evidently a cowardly brute, or he would have charged out when I fired shells into his hiding-place."

But we have quoted enough to give our readers some idea of the book, and we have no space to do more than refer to the chapter on markhor-stalking and the excellent accounts of small-game-shooting. On one occasion the author and Colonel Yate rode off (it was in Central Asia), when the thermometer was well below zero, to a reed-grown river-bed, and, having stationed themselves, caused their men to fire the reeds upwind. The result was fifty pheasants on the first day and seventy-two on the second—"not bad for a wild afternoon shoot, and as to enjoyment incomparably beyond that of a hot corner at home, which you have not

worked for—though I have been grateful enough at heart to the many friends who have given me such comfortable stands." There is a particularly good chapter called "A Chat About Horses," in which the lore of the East is illumined by the knowledge of the West.

H. HESKETH PRICHARD.

THE SEDGE-WARBLER.

WE all know how ready this little bird is to rush headlong into song the moment one ventures upon an intrusion of its haunt. Yet rarely indeed do feathered creatures give vent to their feelings of indignation for human presence in such a seemingly paradoxical manner. Usually a few monotonous more or less harsh notes suffice. But in the matter of song the sedge-warbler appears to have a greater supply than demand, and sings indiscriminately his medley of music with—as it seems to me—freedom and liberty emphasised in every note. Whether there is such a thing as a touch of pugnacity in his temperament I would not like to say, but frequently I have seen him behave in a rather doubtful manner. I know last summer I saw a pair repeatedly indulge in attacks on a party of newly-fledged goldfinches, but here possibly there was good reason for such conduct. The noisy youngsters had assembled so close to the sedge-warbler's nursery that interference was inevitable.

A locality suitable to the requirements of the reed-warbler is equally suitable for the bird under discussion; an osier-bed, for instance, by the river-side often will contain nests of both species. In such a haunt I found the nest at which the photographs reproduced were taken. Here the sedge-warblers have considerable difficulty in rearing a brood, some creeping enemy almost invariably coming along on plunder bent. Luckily, this nest had so far managed to escape their attention, and I therefore straight away commenced to prepare to photograph the sedge-warblers, although a short plate supply prevented my doing much with the camera, and it was left to the following day to



THE PARENT SEDGE-WARBLERS.

produce these pictures. I tried hard to secure a picture of both the birds at the nest together, and I was encouraged in my object when I noticed they occasionally met at the nest as they returned with food. The hen was now brooding the chicks, and, to divulge a secret, was enjoying a proverbial "forty winks" when her mate returned with food for the young. She hesitated to rise and did not like being disturbed, but to make room for him she perched upon an osier immediately by the side of the nest. Here was the opportunity of the afternoon. I watched closely for that mere fraction of a second when both appeared still, and then briskly opened and shut my silent shutter. I thought all had gone well until I took a glance through the camera directly afterwards, when my hopes of success received a nasty shock. Two long blades of grass had been blown directly in front of the camera lens; in fact, they were hanging on the lens tube. However, although they produced a bad fogging effect in the



A CLOSE INSPECTION.

negative, the picture was sufficiently saved to permit of its reproduction here.

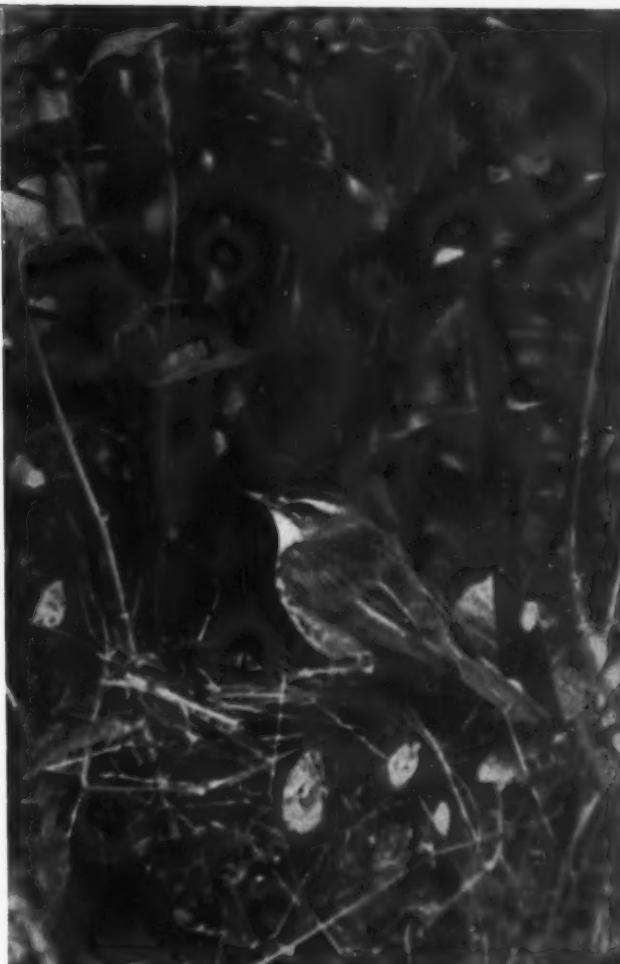
One single note, as if to intimate his presence at the nest, was unfailingly given by the father of the family to the nestlings at every visit. Doubtless, they were in a land of plenty; but seldom do the rapacious youngsters—whatever their kind—require any calling to attention.

The sedge-warblers made good use of the small opening in the herbage which it was necessary to make between the camera and the nest, and here much fly-hunting was done, during which I was able to watch the little birds deport themselves in the prettiest attitudes imaginable.

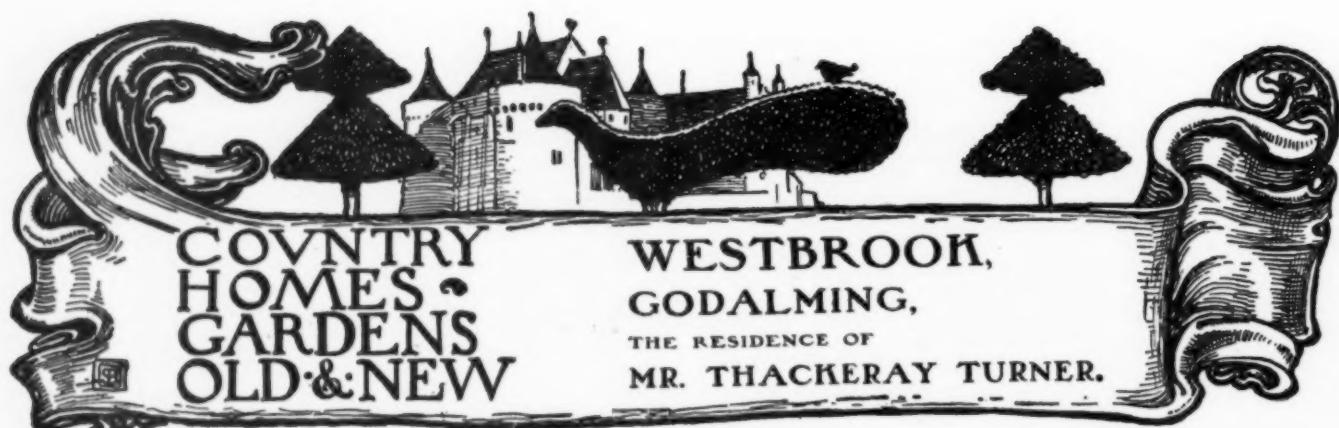
I would like to mention that where in the illustrations it is shown that some osiers have been cut away, this is simply the result of the harvesting of the previous year's growth, revealed by the temporary removal of the grasses. They were not cut away for the purpose of these photographs. JAMES H. SYMONDS.



THE SLEEPY HEN AND -



—THE WAKEFUL COCK.



PERCHED high on the hill to the west of Godalming town is the interesting house which Mr. Thackeray Turner built for himself eleven years ago. It represents the school of traditional architecture which has grown up quietly and surely in England from the seeds sown by William Morris and Mr. Philip Webb. Simple, unaffected,

owing nothing, or at least singularly little, to the spirit of the Renaissance, it shows what can be done by using local materials in a straightforward yet thoughtful fashion. The walls are built of Bargate with dressings of Doultong stone. The former was quarried on the site, and it is interesting to note how delightful an effect is given by its right use. The neighbourhood can show many houses of the same stone, but its quality is usually lost by the practice of breaking it up into little cubes instead of employing it in the big pieces in which it naturally comes out of the quarry. There was a sound reason for this in times past, when labour was cheap and labour-saving appliances unconsidered and costly; but with labour more expensive and simple types of crane to be had for two or three pounds, there is every reason why the larger blocks should be used. In the result there are stones in the walls as long as four feet, which give a massive character to the house, and all have been built to show their natural face, with great mortar joints. The red-tiled roof contrasts delightfully with the dark cream colour of the stone, and on all sides the green growth of the garden has invaded the house and flung tendrils up the walls, across the roof, and even to the top of a chimney. Not less engaging is the garden setting of Westbrook. West of the house is a great yew hedge enclosing a round garden quartered by paths that lead from all sides to an octagonal pool friendly to water-lilies. Beyond this circle we reach the least usual feature of an English garden—a walled enclosure devoted to winter plants. An accompanying picture shows the two arches which give entrance to it. At the far side is a flat gable sheltering a garden seat, which serves even in winter, for this place is a very sun-trap. It is perfectly sheltered from every wind, for its brick-paved floor is four feet below the level of the surrounding ground, and the enclosing wall is nine feet high above its floor-level. Here flourish from the end of January erica carnea, purple and white hellebore and violas, with daphnes and winter-flowering irises and jasmine to herald the earlier bulbs.

Leading to the west of the south front is a shady little walk of limes, which appear at the side of one of our pictures, and beyond is a wide rose walk of grass bordered with santolina. Near by, too, are large bushy hedges of lavender, now breaking here and there, and doomed to be replaced by younger growths, for they have made the garden fragrant these eight years, and six is a fair lifetime for lavender.



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FROM THE NORTH-WEST.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



WESTBROOK, GODALMING : THE ENTRANCE FRONT.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

Copyright.

[Jan. 20th, 1912.]

Within, the house is as restful as without, yet rich in its decorations, as becomes the home of one who has steadily supported the handicrafts. In the hall is a plaster frieze modelled by Mr. Laurence Turner and painted in gay colours by Miss Ruth Turner. Very pleasant, too, are the sea of level marble which surrounds the fireplace in the dining-room and the great oak chimney-piece in the drawing-room. Nor must there be forgotten the many examples to be seen of a difficult and exacting art to which Mr. Thackeray Turner's leisure time is devoted—that of china painting. Altogether Westbrook soundly represents the outlook of its owner and architect; but it is in another capacity that Mr. Turner is, perhaps, better known, in which, indeed, he has served the public most faithfully these many years, as secretary of the Society for the Protection of Ancient Buildings. This, perhaps, is a suitable occasion for returning to a question which arises every time a monument of the building arts of England is threatened or destroyed. Unhappily, it is often enough that COUNTRY LIFE has to raise protests or endorse the warnings of others, and it may be well, therefore, to set down once more some of the motives that inspire them.

The difficulties which surround the question of the repair, restoration and enlargement of ancient buildings are manifold. Nor are they lessened by the controversies which are so often and, it may be added, so properly set on foot when national buildings are in danger of thoughtless alteration. The very

name "restoration" brings to mind so many ignorant schemes which have destroyed the character of ancient monuments that there is a temptation to condemn interference of any kind with historical buildings. The case for the anti-restorationists is in the capable hands of the Society for the Protection of Ancient Buildings, whose advice is simply—Preserve and do not Restore. The policy of Anti-scaping forbids the replacement of any feature which has perished. In some cases, at least, where new work has been needed to ensure the strength of a fabric, that policy has dictated its insertion with so obvious an intent to have it look new and to dissociate it from the old that the old looks unpleasant and the new affected. This is, however, a question of technique rather than of principle. Everyone who values architectural sincerity will desire that new work shall frankly appear new, and shall not be made in slavish imitation of the old which it replaces. It should, in fact, stand out as twentieth century work. Similarly, everyone who values the teaching of antiquity will desire that old work shall be treated with the greatest possible respect and care, and that it shall be left intact in substance and arrangement to tell its own tale. Everyone, again, agrees in execrating the restorers of the Gothic Revival, who swept out of our churches every fragment of Renaissance work that they were allowed to touch and replaced it by their idea of what thirteenth



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FROM THE SOUTH-EAST.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



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LOOKING ACROSS THE ROUND GARDEN.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

century work should be. So far did their private madness extend that much authentic late mediæval work was also consigned to limbo, because, though Gothic, it was a couple of centuries too late for their sensitive taste. Ruskin attacked the idea of "faithful restoration" with characteristic vigour, and saw that modern imitation of old work was a preposterous mistake. Nevertheless, the campaign against Renaissance work in Gothic churches receives some sanction, in the eyes of the thoughtless, from Ruskin himself, who made a hatred of Renaissance work nothing less than a religion to countless young people. There were many who, in their enthusiasm for Ruskin, never tired of abusing the west front of St. Paul's Cathedral as a piece of work which showed only too clearly the want of taste exhibited by those who built it. This opinion, however, had little effect upon the older men; but it originated in an

undiscriminating love of Gothic work, and in the inability of young minds to admire at the same moment two styles so different as the Gothic and the Renaissance. In the case of grown men who were also church architects it meant the inspiration of grave powers of destruction, to which the condition of the majority of our old parish churches bears all too eloquent witness. Nowadays the warped eclectic taste which set the work of one period on a pedestal and hurried to its death

anything later is no longer a danger. The present enemies are still the old ignorance and indifference. The repair of an ancient building requires able expert direction, and is not a thing to be undertaken unadvisedly, lightly or wantonly with the aid of a local contractor merely. This, however, again, is rather a question of technique than of principle. The great difficulty, and one on which antiquaries



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THE SOUTH FRONT.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

hold very different opinions, arises in one of two cases—when a building is so time-worn that props and other protections are not enough to fit it for use, or when modern usages have so far changed from those of earlier days that the building has become useless or highly inconvenient—is in fact obsolescent. If the anti-restorationist position be accepted in its entirety, there is no alternative but to abandon the structure altogether. In this matter it seems impossible to lay down any general principle, and the safer way is that of Professor Baldwin Brown,



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THE WINTER GARDEN.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

who confesses, very reasonably, to being an opportunist. In his admirable book, *The Care of Ancient Monuments*, he draws attention to the attempt to make a distinction between "dead monuments," i.e., those belonging to a past civilization or serving obsolete purposes, and "living monuments," i.e., those which continue to serve the purposes for which they were originally intended." It would be dangerous to establish a distinction which might tend to expose the living monument to alteration and enlargement on too extensive a scale, and condemn the dead monument to unchecked decay. Professor Baldwin Brown is anxious to regard, as far as possible, all our monuments as living, even if their alteration for this purpose involves some loss of aesthetic charm and archaeological value. He is disinclined to subscribe to the manifesto written in 1877 by William Morris for the Society for the Protection of Ancient Buildings. Influenced largely by Ruskin, Morris gave the advice—"to prop a perilous wall or mend a leaky roof . . . and show no pretence of other art, and otherwise to resist all tampering with either the fabric or ornament of the building as it stands; if it has become inconvenient for its present use, to raise another building rather than alter

or enlarge the old one." The moderate man will join Professor Baldwin Brown in doubting the wisdom of this policy in its bolder manifestations; and, indeed, the Society, controlled as it is by a wise council and secretary, does not insist rigidly on the letter of its own original law. If a mediæval church is too small to accommodate a growing population, is it to be abandoned and left derelict rather than have an aisle added, while the people worship in a new building which lacks the sanction of long usage and of a rich history? The answers must be negative. Nor does the Society in practice apply a policy which, if advocated in resolute terms, would bring not only the right care of monuments but the science of archaeology into disrepute. It opposes the enlargement of a church only when the rapid growth of a locality makes it obvious that an additional church will be needed before long, or when the strain on accommodation arises from a temporary cause, such as the sermons of a popular preacher.

The particular need for vigilance is in cases where threatened alterations of churches are not in fact demanded by the spiritual needs of the congregation, but arise out of the vanity of a donor who wants to set up a memorial to a relative or to himself. Also there is need to beware of clergy who have convictions which demand the destruction of some historical feature to enable the service to assume the form they like. When it can be established that the alteration or enlargement of a building is necessary for its reasonable use, those who reply with a blank *non possumus* strengthen the hands of the Philistines, who are always in a vast majority, always powerful and always skilful in appealing to the god of common-sense.

In the case of houses in private ownership which need alteration to bring them into touch with modern ideas of comfort, the appeal to common-sense is reinforced by the reminder that the Englishman may still do what he likes with his own. It is true that the possessor of an historical house may be regarded as morally the trustee of a national monument, but in point of fact he is legally entitled to restore or ravage as he wills. It is generally better to entice him into right paths rather than to try to drive him there, and in this good work continual success must be cordially wished to Mr. Thackeray Turner and

to the Society for which he has so long and so faithfully laboured.

L. W.

POULTRY IN GERMANY.

FOR the National Poultry Organisation Society Mr. Edward Brown has drawn up an elaborate Report on the Poultry Industry in Germany. It is of very great importance to us in England, because of recent years Germany has become a strong competitor of ours in the markets of the world. To what extent this is true is best shown by figures. The imports of eggs into Germany in 1898, according to the official statistics, came to the value of £4,258,350; in 1910 this figure had risen to £7,959,290. The increase was both in quantity and price. In quantity it amounted to 42·55 per cent., in value to 86·9 per cent. These eggs are imported into Germany partly, as with us, for use in manufactures, but mostly for consumption. Mr. Brown makes a great point of the fact that Germany is travelling along the same route as ourselves, but about twenty-five years behind. While the population remained mostly on the land coarse food was



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THE DINING-ROOM.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



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THE HALL.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



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WESTBROOK: THE DRAWING-ROOM.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

found sufficient, as open-air work gave those engaged in it a digestion that stuck at nothing; but when the plough is forsaken for the desk and the shop, the palate becomes more delicate and demands food of a finer description. At the same time, there has been an enormous increase in the population—from 45,000,000 in 1880 to 65,000,000 in 1910. Greater means and purchasing power have led to a higher standard of living.

In the Germany of old, although the goose was a popular article of diet, poultry and eggs were used less than in any other country of Europe; but recently there has been a very great change in this respect. Industry and commerce have been rapidly developed, with the result that the spending power of the people is largely increased. The population, too, has shown the same tendency as it did in England to migrate from the rural districts to the cities, and those who live in streets take to very much the same way of feeding all the world over. So far the German farmer has taken very little trouble to meet the want of the moment. It has been customary for the hen money to be looked upon as a woman's perquisite, and the women of the farm, engaged as they are to a great extent in household and other work, show very little enterprise in the way of adding to their stock of fowls. Thus the home production has not extended very greatly, but supplies have been sought for abroad—that is to say, in the countries from which Great Britain has been accustomed to make cheap importations.

The greatest source of supply is Russia, and next to it comes Austria-Hungary with a better class of egg and a quantity very little short. Italy, the Netherlands, Bulgaria, Roumania, European Turkey and Servia are all considerable contributors. The importation of geese also has nearly doubled, Russia sending, in broad figures, 7,000,000 out of the 8,000,000 geese which went into Germany in 1910. One notable consequence of all this is a marked increase in the price of eggs and poultry. This is not so marked in chickens and ducks as in eggs and geese. In time this promises very largely to affect the home production, because those who considered poultry too unimportant for their attention when prices were low are more likely to take up the industry now. Mr. Brown has a very suggestive paragraph showing that the standard of life is rising in all grades of society. The wealthy are buying more expensive luxuries; the middle-class has grown enormously with the corresponding increase of means; the working people are obtaining more wages, and therefore are in a better position for spending. "I anticipate," says Mr. Brown, "that before long German eggs and poultry will be equal in value to the rates obtainable in England." Already Germany is the greatest importer in the world, and Mr. Brown thinks that the importation will become even larger if supplies are forthcoming. But here comes in a new consideration. In Italy and Austria-Hungary and Russia itself the standard of living has also been rising, and these countries, accordingly, are beginning to consume a larger proportion of their own productions and, consequently, have less to export. German agricultural authorities are endeavouring to stimulate home production, because they say "there is every probability of imported supplies decreasing to a marked extent within the next few years."

Thus the change is regarded as permanent and not transitory. When Germany consumes as many eggs per head as we do, she will need three times as many as she now imports. In Mr. Brown's words, "she could absorb all our foreign supplies without reaching the British average."

THE CAPPUCINI PERGOLA AT AMALFI.

THERE is perhaps no spot in all Italy better known to tourists of every nation than the Terrace of the Cappuccini—once convent, now hotel—at Amalfi. The beauty and dignity of the stately rows of columns, encircled and surmounted by flowers and leaves, with a glorious view, different, owing to the bends in the terrace itself, through almost every opening in the pillars, is a sight once seen never to be forgotten. The pergola itself is an institution of great

and dignified antiquity. Columella, the Roman writer on agriculture, who lived in the first century, warns those who allow their five year old vines to run too freely that excessive luxuriance makes them resemble arbours—"pergulae"—rather than vines; and Pliny speaks of a great vine in Livia's Portico at Rome whose umbrageous "pergulae" shaded all who walked there, while its grapes would fill no fewer than twelve "amphore" with must. In the same passage he tells us that the vines of



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ON THE PERGOLA TERRACE.

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THE TERRACE GATE.

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Campania, married to tall poplars, reached such a height that the pruners who had to cut in the topmost growths would only do so if their employer contracted beforehand to pay for their tomb and funeral pyre.

In the beautiful Pergola of the Cappuccini, like many others all over Italy which, for the sake of ornament or shade, have been erected amid architectural surroundings, the support of the horizontal trellis-work is formed by columns of masonry. Yet the original intention and the far more general use of the pergola is not for beauty, but for the very practical purpose of supporting the trellised vines which in the South-West of Italy, and particularly in the district between Salerno and the Island of Capri, are encouraged to grow with a luxuriance that rivals

those of the famous vineyards of the Plain of Campania (now the Terra di Lavoro), where, as in the days of Virgil and Pliny, they are still festooned from poplar to poplar. In other parts of the country, where close pruning is adopted, only short stakes or—as in Apulia and Sicily—no stakes at all are required; but where the vine is allowed to grow tall and an abundance of long branches and shoots is encouraged, a support is necessary. In a district where there are no suitable trees, such as the maples and mulberries of Tuscany, or the taller poplars of the Neapolitan plain, on which to loop up the luxuriant shoots, the use of the pergola, constructed of stout, straight chestnut poles with the bark removed that it may not harbour insects and dirt and shorten the life of the wood, becomes a necessity,

although by far the most expensive system of vine-growing, as the poles have not a long life and are continually rising in price; moreover, the amount of labour required for tying and untying the shoots is very extravagant. The pergola, nevertheless, has economic advantages on steep hillsides, like those of the Costiera of Amalfi, where the tendency of all growing things is to be excessively "drawn up" by the moisture of the climate and by the overhanging mountain wall, and where land is so limited in extent that other crops have to be grown under the vines, or they could not be grown at all, and where the higher hills produce the poles themselves.

The construction of the pergola is of perfect simplicity. The horizontal poles forming the trellised framework with

binding together, which does not involve any nailing or cutting into the poles themselves. It also owes much of its beauty to the proportions of the chestnut wood used. The poles—"pertiche"—are produced by a very careful method of growing and thinning out the chestnut coppice on the hillsides, so as to produce straight wood, with a butt slender in comparison to its length. Then the spaces of the trellis are so wide—frequently about three feet square—that they need horizontal poles not much thinner than the uprights themselves, when these are of wood. This gives that air of solidity combined with lightness which is so often lacking in English imitations, when the tapering stems of young firs, or even battens or crooked rustic-work, are used for the top of the arbour.

In the beautiful example before us, the pergola serves its proper and ancient purpose of supporting vines; but the strong columns are draped with roses, which keep up the reputation of the roses of Virgil's "twice-flowering Pæstum" on the opposite side of the bay. In that region roses of all kinds flower with wonderful profusion in the month of May but cease almost entirely during the summer heats, only to burst into fresh bloom with the first rains of September. This autumnal blooming, which lasts well into the winter, though less brilliant, is free from the malodorous little silver-backed beetles which disfigure and defile the flowers in spring as soon as the morning sun falls upon them. Anyone who tries can construct a pergola as good in itself as that of the Cappuccini; but they cannot supply the background of heavily-laden orange trees, or the summer blaze of hippeastrums growing as thick as daffodils in a meadow, far less the sapphire and emerald gleams of the sea of the Syrens and the fairy outlines of the Southern mountains fading away, range behind range, into the land of mystery.

C. L.



Dr. A. E. Bodington.

LOOKING ON TO AMALFI.

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square—or, at any rate, rectangular—spaces are supported by uprights, which may be of masonry, but are commonly stronger poles of the same wood. The ends of both the upright and the cross poles are allowed to project some way beyond the framework, and all the poles are lashed together where they cross each other by means of "torte," the local name for the binders of withy that are used for the purpose. These "torte" are soaked in water before use, so as to make them more flexible and cause them to tighten as they dry. The peculiarly picturesque and satisfying effect of the arbour thus constructed is due chiefly to the large size of the rectangular interstices, to the projection of the ends of the poles and to the method of

who so believed were able to point to many and well-authenticated reports for evidence of their faith; people not only expressed their belief in the existence of a rat-king, but asserted that they had seen it.

Ulysses Aldrovandus (1522–1605), in his "Historia Animalium," refers to the rat-king; but the theory of the sixteenth and earlier centuries differed from that held at a later date in so far as the personal appearance of the monarch is concerned. As early as Pindar animals distinguished by strength, beauty or other rare qualities were raised poetically to kingship over their felicitous; but, perhaps as a result of the odium attaching to rats in all ages,



PERGOLA WOODWORK.

the murine king owed his authority to an extraordinarily large body and a multiplicity of heads.

In 1690 we have the earliest account of the monstrosity still known in Germany as *der Rattenkönig*. In that year Schellhammer, a professor of medicine at Kiel, gave in "Miscellanea Naturae Curiosa" two reports, for the truth of which he vouches. In the house of a friend an incessant squealing of rats was heard under the kitchen floor, and rats were constantly observed entering and



WITH OVERHANGING UPRIGHTS.

leaving a certain hole. A tile was removed from the floor, when four rats sprang out. As the squealing continued, a maid-servant plunged a pair of tongs into the hole and drew forth a monstrosity composed of fourteen full-grown rats, whose tails were inextricably intertwined. The heads were arranged in a circle, the centre of which was the interlaced mass of tails, the creature being consequently quite unable to move. Schellhammer's second story reports a similar discovery at Weimar, where, while a mill was being restored, workmen saw four rats carrying a "rat-king," similar to the one above described, on their backs. Valentine, who flourished at the end of the seventeenth century, reports in the "Museum Museorum" a similar monster found in a kitchen at Sondershausen, in Thuringia. This specimen was painted several times by order of the Prince of Schwartzburg, and a sketch made from the paintings by Dr. E. Weber was reproduced by Valentine in the "Museum." This drawing shows an almost artistic interlacing of the tails, which look as though they could be unwound.

From now on discoveries of "rat-kings" come thick upon him who seeks to know their history. J. H. Lincke, a chemist of Leipzig, writing in 1726, tells us that in 1719 a farmhand at Rossla found a rat hanging from the roof of a barn. He killed it, but it did not drop; and on prodding the roof with a hayfork he brought down a "rat-king" of nine rats, all without hind legs. Lincke himself found a "rat-king" dead in a wicker bird-cage; poison had been laid some time before for rats, and the "king" had died of starvation. Examples have frequently been found in a mummified condition, a fact which induced one sapient naturalist to deny that they were ever found alive, and to ascribe a cause for their occurrence which shall be given below.

At Dresden is preserved a specimen with but one thick tail. There is, or was, a dried specimen at Leipzig, and many museums possess either skeletons or bodies preserved in spirits. In 1820 appeared "Ueber das bisher bezweifelte Daseyn des Ratten-Königes" ("On the hitherto doubted Existence of the Rat-king"), by Dr. J. J. Bellermann of Berlin. The book opens with an account of a discovery, by Bellermann himself, of a rat-king of eleven rats in 1772, at Erfurt. He prints several signed attestations of the truth of his story, and reports specimens in 1774, 1817 and 1819. It seems unnecessary to give the full details of these captures. The writer, who approached the subject with a sceptical mind, is thoroughly convinced that such monstrosities can exist. It only remains to account for their occurrence.

Professor Titius, writing in the "Wittenbergisches Wochenblatt" in 1774, denies, quite rightly, that such monstrosities are kings; he can only allow that term to a single huge rat. But he proceeds to deny, quite wrongly, the possibility of such monstrosities. He thinks it incredible that some movement or other of any one rat should not disengage its tail; but even were this impossible, each rat would bite its tail off. Titius forgets that the units of the "rat-king" are not in the best position to effect this means of escape, and from the cramped position in which the "kings" have always been found it must be impossible. Another objection of Titius' is that a rat never produces sixteen at a birth—a statement easily refuted. He further says that "rat-kings" are always found dead, which is not true; since Bellermann's time living specimens have been discovered. According to Titius the whole story is the result of excitement, imagination and the finding of a number of dead rats lying in a circle. If it could be proved that rats prefer to die in a circle, his account might have something in it; but as a fact of natural history it has escaped the present writer.

We come now to the most ridiculous of all theories—ridiculous even for a German badly affected by the national *furore* for originality at any price. Professor Meisner of Berne, in the Swiss "Naturwissenschaftlicher Anzeiger," 1819, considers that dead rats had their tails plaited to afford a suitable place for the birth of young! He even suggests that weaker rats were killed and their tails thus dealt with in order that the mother might have a warm bed! Asked to explain the discovery of seven large, squealing rats with tightly-woven tails, he can only suggest that they were all brought in, one by one, by the pregnant rat, whom they permitted to interlace their tails and waited till the expected event should bring them death. "Had we looked a few days later," says he, "we should probably have found them all dead." Of course. And we should have been further gladdened by the sight of the old doe rat rejoicing in her children, her warm bed and her sense of duty nobly done.

Blumenbach, in his "Naturgeschichte," is as foolish. Rats, says he, sometimes tie themselves up, and are fed by others. Happily, this libel on rats was expunged in later editions, but only, it seems, because he doubted the very existence of the "rat-king." It has been further suggested that tails get interlaced during fights; but fights are unlikely in a confined space, and it is incredible

that ten or more units should be so unfortunate. Besides, "rat-kings" of quite young animals have been found. The sanest explanation is offered by Bellermann. The interlacing may happen before or after birth. As is well known, a rat's tail has a large number of rings or scales, and two tails will be found to hang together easily. Let it be supposed that the birth, as is usual, takes place in a very confined space, and an interlacing of tails is then easily credible. Young rats soon become lively enough to move about, and any motion in a deep nest would tend further to implicate the tangle of tails. The rapid growth of the young might quite conceivably make the plait inextricable. These suggestions, taken together with the facts that rats' tails are generally longer than their bodies and that the number of young at a birth is great, form the most likely theory; and until some intelligent German arises and suggests, e.g., that the old rat plaits the tails of her litter for fun, Bellermann's theory holds the field.

Yet we leave one great mystery unsolved even if we accept Bellermann's theory. Why do other rats feel it their duty to feed the "kings"? The idea that they do so from a feeling of reverence or loyalty can hardly be held; we have no grounds for supposing that the monstrosities discovered are regarded as "kings" by the free rats. Rather must the reason be sought in that extraordinary and super-brutal kindness of sound rats towards disabled fellows. Accounts of altruism among these animals are frequent and well authenticated; and it can well be imagined, if such accounts be true, that a "rat-king's" helplessness might awaken the active sympathies of the free members of the community.

SYDNEY H. KENWOOD.

IN THE GARDEN.

SOME ANNUAL FLOWERS FOR SPRING SOWING.

FORTUNATELY, the merits of many of our best annual flowers are now much more fully recognised than they were a decade ago. In a number of the best gardens of to-day borders or beds are entirely devoted to these flowers, and the charm of the garden as a whole is considerably enriched thereby. The wide range of colour and form that we find in annual flowers, together with the usefulness of many for cutting when well grown, demand that they shall be given their due, while their cultivation is so simple, and seeds are so inexpensive, that there is really no good excuse for omitting them from even the smallest garden.

Unfortunately, the very simplicity of their cultivation is a stumbling-block to many. We have been so accustomed to the voracious characteristics of our perennial plants that it is difficult always to remember that annuals do not need the same amount of stimulating food. Indeed, to get the best results from most kinds, soil that errs rather on the poor side is essential. An exception to this is the Sweet Pea; but even with this charming flower, when needed only for decorative purposes, I am sure many growers attach too much importance to heavy manuring. The Sweet Pea has, during recent years, occupied a place of its own, and in drawing attention to a few of the best comparatively new or little-known annuals, I do not intend to include it; a separate article, dealing with some of the best of the newer varieties of this flower, will appear during the next few weeks.

Undoubtedly the best and most useful of the new annuals is the Namaqualand Daisy, *Dimorphotheca aurantiaca*. The hot weather of last year suited this to perfection, and plants that were raised from seed sown in a cold frame in March commenced to bloom in May and continued to do so until the end of September, a feat that no other annual that came under my immediate notice accomplished. The flowers are of the best Marguerite shape, rich orange in colour with a shiny black ring round the central disc. The plants grow about nine inches high, branch freely, and need fairly dry soil and a sunny position. Seed of a new race of hybrids of this plant, embracing a number of beautiful art colour shades, is being put on the market this year.

Among annual Asters a new variety that I grew last year, and which was generally admired, was named *Sada Yakko*. It belongs to the beautiful Comet section and has large, graceful flowers of an exceptionally pleasing shade of delicate pink. Among the annual Japanese Pinks, flowers that are not known nearly so much as they deserve to be, Rosalind and Harlequin gave a good account of themselves during the scorching days of last summer. The seeds were sown in shallow boxes of sandy soil in a cold frame early in March, subsequently pricked off and finally planted out in ordinary loamy soil the second week in May. Both varieties have a good branching habit and double flowers, those of Rosalind being soft pink as they open, changing to a sort of rose colour with age, while Harlequin has white flowers streaked deep crimson.

This combination might not appeal to everyone, but I must confess that I am very fond of it in this flower.

Annual Larkspurs of the ordinary blue colour are favourites with most flower-lovers, but the various shades of red are as yet but little grown. These are listed by different seedsmen under diverse names, such as rosy scarlet, superb rose and carmine rose. All that I have seen are good, and there is really but little difference in their colours. Some strains are, perhaps, a little better than others. They need precisely the same treatment as that accorded the old blue Larkspurs, i.e., sow them early in April where they are to flower and thin them freely at an early stage of their growth.

Snapdragons, or Antirrhinums, although not strictly annuals, are more often than not treated as such, the seeds being sown early in February in warm frames or greenhouses, and the seedlings subsequently pricked out and hardened off for planting out about the second or third week in April. Quite a number of beautiful varieties have been introduced during recent years, a few of the best being Sunset, a dwarf plant with orange-scarlet flowers; Crimson King; Moonlight, apricot yellow with red flush; Cottage Maid, white and pale rose; Gold Crest, rose pink, tinged salmon and orange; and Golden Chamois, soft pink and gold.

A new Stock that I grew last year in quantity, and one which gave us hosts of flowers during the scorching days, was Webb's Crystal White. This was sown in early March in a cold frame and the young plants put out the first week in May. Quite ninety-five per cent. of the plants gave double flowers. It is a dwarf-growing variety, specially suitable for bedding, the plants branching into as many as ten or twelve compact shoots, each of which is surmounted by a spike of white flowers which last well. F. W. H.

CORRESPONDENCE.

FLOWERS IN JANUARY.

SIR,—I have just come in from my garden, having made a list of plants in bloom. The garden is a sheltered one and the season extraordinarily mild, but, even so, I think the list is a long one for January 13th: Christmas Rose, Lenten Rose, Iris stylosa, I. alata, yellow Jasmine, yellow Aconite, double pink Hepatica, Snowdrop, Crocus Imperati, Violet, pink Oxalis, Chrysanthemum, Rose, Tritoma, double white Arabis, Daisy, Auricula, Polyanthus, Stock, honey-scented Koniga, Scilla, Iberis, and there are buds showing on N. obvalaris and N. pallidus praecox.—G. PIERS CLARKE, Ilminster.

THE FLOWERING ARTICHOKE.

SIR,—I am much interested to see the letters in your paper on the subject of the flowering Artichoke. That vegetable grows freely in our garden, and this year, for the first time, I have noticed it in bloom. The year has been a particularly dry one in this part of India, the rainfall being about one-third of the normal fall, and although we have grown Jerusalem Artichokes every year, I have never seen them in flower till now. It seems a curious fact that exceptional drought should produce flowers, which it seems to have done in countries so far apart as England and India.—K. M. MEREWETHER, The Residency, Palanpur, India.

A PEDESTAL FOR A SUNDIAL.

SIR,—I have a sundial twelve inches across, for which I want a pedestal. What height should it be, and what size should the top be for a dial of that size? I have a place for it in a little stone-flagged garden about six feet square. Would it be as well to have a step, and, if so, how deep?—M. F.

[Height about a yard, a margin of one-and-a-half inches beyond the sundial should be enough, but six feet (two yards) for the stone-flagged garden seems small. Hand-made tiles with wide mortar joints make good stands, or stands shaped as the balustrades of the old stone bridges, such as Waterloo or Kingston, are always simple and effective. As to a step, try the effect in some "dummy" material.—ED.]

FURNITURE OF THE XVII. AND XVIII. CENTURIES.

GILT SIDEBOARD TABLE AT PENSURST.

AMONG the furniture standing in the Long Gallery at Penshurst is a gilt sideboard table, interesting from its simple motive and strong proportions. The handsome marble top is edged with a cast and chased metal border, a rare detail to find on such slabs. The frieze to the frame is ornamented with the usual classical wave pattern, in this instance of great richness and contained within two classical mouldings. From this hang swags of drapery, carved in most realistic folds, centring in a finely-executed mask set in a foliated escutcheon. The lion heads are broad and bold, while the emphasis of the hock and the modelling of the paws show a sculptor's work and anatomical observation of considerable power. The table possesses its original gilding, which is both brilliant and beautiful. Its date is about 1718, and suggests the design of Isaac Ware, who frequently inspired Kent with such delicacy as can be found in the latter's work. The three Nankin vases standing on the table and beautifully reproduced in the illustration are of very high quality, and at the back can be seen some of the elaborately-mitred panelling of the Long Gallery.

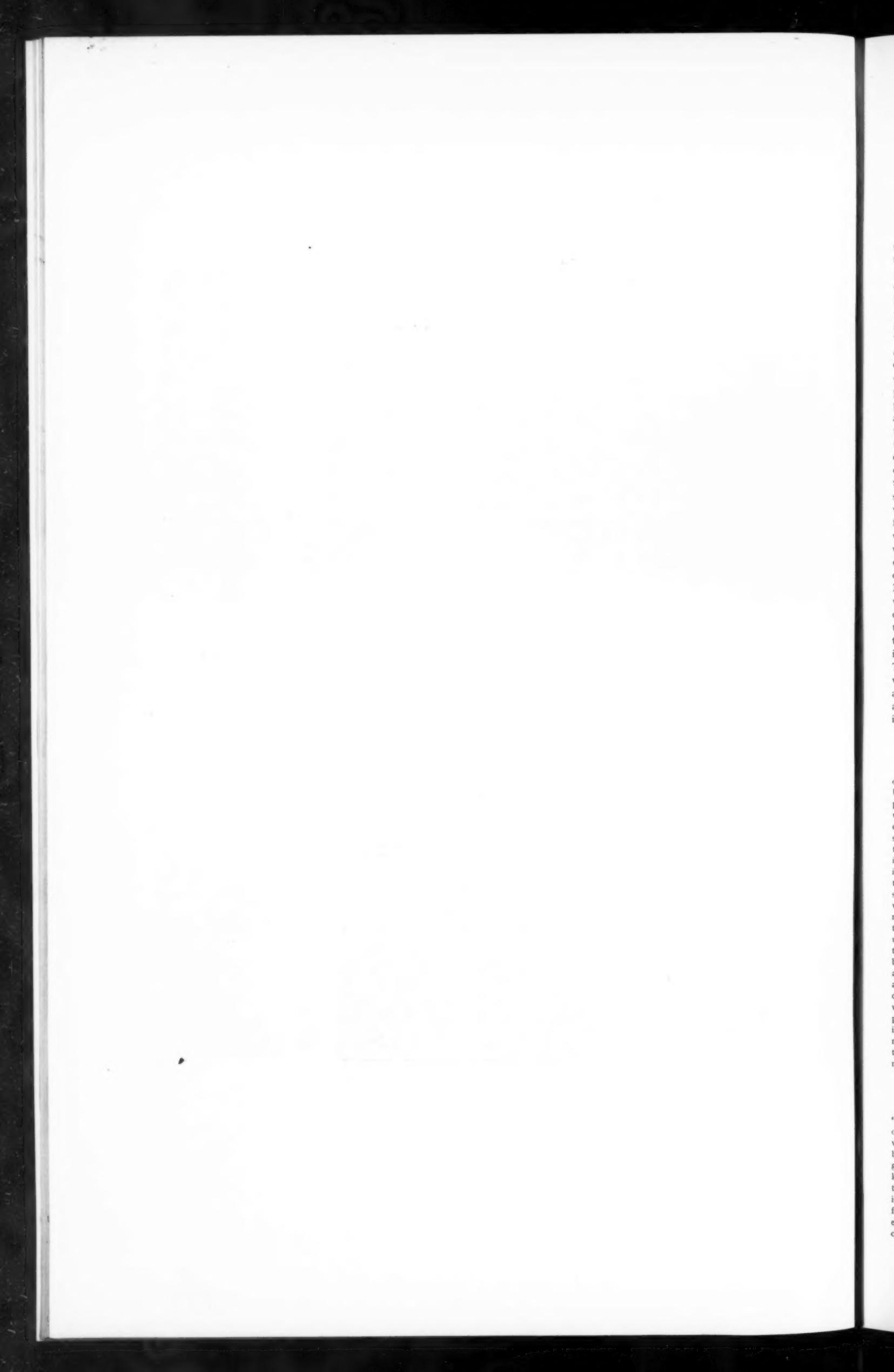
P. M.



GILT SIDE TABLE

FURNITURE of the
17th and 18th Centuries

The Property of
LORD DE L'ISLE AND DUDLEY



AGRICULTURAL NOTES.

SPEECHES ON AGRICULTURE.

SINCE we last wrote, the ex-President of the Board of Agriculture, Lord Carrington, and his successor, Mr. Runciman, have both delivered themselves of speeches relating to small holdings. Lord Carrington's main object seems to have been to contradict the statement made by the Secretary of the Rural Labourers' League. He said he was seventy years of age, and his only reason for leaving Whitehall was to be found in Anno Domini. That there is any division in the Cabinet about the small holdings policy he explicitly denied, and he intimated that the report of the breaking-up of estates would only recommend the formation of small ownerships when old and faithful tenants were threatened with eviction owing to a change of proprietorship. Mr. Runciman, with a zeal becoming his novitiate, proclaimed that small holdings had come to stay and no Government could wipe them out. This is very well; but it was not legislation, only economic working, that attacked them before. It is not the most profitable way of cultivating land, that of doing so in small patches; and the objection we have put forward of the lack of capital is unanswered and unanswerable.

CORRESPONDENCE.

PRIMITIVE AGRICULTURE.

SIR.—In striking contrast to the photograph reproduced in your issue of October 21st last, under the description "The Ubiquitous Motor," are the accompanying pictures of a more primitive method of threshing, which is still in regular use in the Pas de Calais. In the days before the use of steam the horse was used in England to do the threshing; but I cannot recall having seen in our country-side the motive power obtained in this manner. The upright photograph shows the horse actually at work, with the farmer superintending operations. In the other the work is just finished and the horse is being released from its labours. The horse at work treads upon a broad band which passes over and under a series of rollers arranged so that, as the animal attempts to walk up the slope, the band passes away from under its feet continuously, and the power is taken from the top roller, and by means of a strap is conveyed to the driving wheel on the machine. These scenes were witnessed last summer in the quaintly-picturesque fishing-farming village of Equihen, interestingly associated in the memory with the noted French painter, J. C. Cazin, whose beautiful pictures of simple country life are now so much appreciated.—ERNEST MARSH.

A GREAT EXPERIMENT WITH SHEEP.

SIR.—I read with much interest the article on "A Great Experiment with Sheep" in the issue of December 30th. I agree generally with the views expressed by the writer in regard to sheep-breeding; but I am not unduly alarmed as to the future, nor have I any great doubt as to the readiness and capability of the British farmer to keep ahead of his oversea rivals in the matter of quality. At the same time, it is desirable to keep prominently before farmers the fact that it is on quality that the success of the mutton-making industry depends. The farmer must produce, and keep on producing, a better article than anybody else, and he must also supply it at a price which is within the means of his customers, and obtain from a given number of acres a sufficient quantity of

mutton to make the business a profitable one for himself. At the same time, he must always keep in view the peculiarities of soil and climate and the widely-varying characteristics of the different breeds of sheep, all of which tend to limit his choice of materials with which to work. The article in question does not make clear whether these various points have been kept in view. For example, the Southdown-Cheviot cross is spoken of as being an excellent mutton sheep; but was the yield of lambs per ewe sufficient to make the breeding of the cross profitable, and was the cost of production low enough to enable the

mutton to find a ready sale under ordinary conditions? The Hampshire, Suffolk and Oxford crosses sold for about five shillings and threepence per live stone; but the Welsh and Cheviot crosses had to fetch about seven shillings per live stone, and even then they did not raise so much money as the heavier animals. It is quite certain that the average middle-class consumer will not pay seven shillings per live stone wholesale for his mutton; and unless this cross will yield (1) as many pounds of mutton per acre as the heavier breeds, (2) at a price per pound very little higher than that which the heavier breeds cost,

it would not be a desirable one for the ordinary farmer to adopt. All attempts at improving quality must be subject to total quantity being maintained and the cost price kept within reasonable limits, else results will have only an academic and not a practical interest. I have always found farmers very ready to meet the wants of the market in the matter of mutton; at the same time, much good work can be done by experimental farms and by private persons in crossing experiments. It is on successful crossing, undoubtedly, that mutton-production will more and more depend, and we have not reached the limit of knowledge in this direction by any means.—J. C.

Our contributor writes: "I am glad to acknowledge that there are in Great Britain breeders of every variety of sheep whose knowledge and skill in that branch of agriculture cannot be excelled in any country. I also agree that certain breeds of sheep are adapted to certain localities. At the same time, I cannot but think that many sheep are sent to market in this country that are too coarse, too heavy, or are not properly 'finished,' or which for some reason or other are not the class of mutton that either the butcher or the consumer requires; consequently, they sell for little money per stone. It is this class of mutton that suffers most from foreign competition. It is not so much the sheep that produces the greatest weight of mutton per acre that is required as the sheep that produces the most profit per acre. As to the cost of producing the experimental lambs, in the first article it was stated: 'It is too much to expect on a farm which is run for profit that the exact cost of producing each class of lamb can be obtained. This would entail keeping the dams of each breed and their offspring in separate lots from the time the ewes were put with the ram until every lamb and ewe is disposed of,' etc. I endeavoured when writing to state as clearly as possible the result of the experiment as it turned out on a certain class of soil in a particular district and in no way advocated that it would pay every breeder of cross-bred sheep all over Great Britain to produce all or any of the crosses tried, and I suggested that farmers in other counties should try similar experiments. As far as the Cheviot-Southdown cross is concerned, the Cheviot ewes cost from 10s. to 12s. per head less than those of the larger breeds. The exhibition lambs of this cross were three months younger than the Hampshire and Suffolk exhibition crosses. It was found, when the Cheviot and Welsh lambs were housed for exhibition, that they consumed less food than the bigger lambs. In short, in the case of these particular lambs, the cost per stone of producing the Southdown-Cheviot mutton would compare very favourably with that of the other breeds. A record was kept of the produce of the hundred experimental ewes, but space would not allow this to be published in the December article. As confirming



FINISHED FOR THE DAY.



AN EQUINE SISYPHUS.

my statement that the butcher prefers a medium-sized, good quality sheep, I quote the prices at Islington Market on Monday, January 8th, 1912, as given by the *Daily Telegraph*. Best pens made per stone of 8lb.: 7½d. to 8d. Down tegs, 5s. 2d. to 5s. 4d.; 9st. Down tegs, 5s. to 5s. 2d.; 10st. Down tegs, 4s. 10d. to 5s.; 10st. half-breds, 4s. 8d. to 4s. 10d.; 10st. ewes, 3s. 4d. to 3s. 6d."—W.

O'ER FIELD AND FURROW.

GREAT SPORT IN DORSETSHIRE.

THE past week has been memorable for sport in the annals of the Cattistock Hunt. Not only have they found good wild foxes, with a knowledge of the country, able to make good points, but each run has been marked by some most excellent houndwork. This is particularly interesting, because Mr. Milne has made a name as a hound-breeder who has steadily advocated the foxhound of the modern Peterborough standard. He is particular about legs and feet, likes a big hound with plenty of bone, and has, as we all know, been remarkably successful at Reigate, Exeter and Peterborough. The success of these hounds in their work and the sport they show is sufficient testimony to the correctness of the principles on which they are bred. Bearing in mind the criticisms which have been made on our Peterborough standards of make and shape for hounds, I have taken great pains, whenever I can get near enough to them, to note these hounds in their work on different soils and on different kinds of ground, for its variety is one of the charms of this ancient Dorsetshire Hunt. I have said "whenever I can get near enough to them," for there are steep hills in the country which baffle a fourteen-stone man, while the pack display the powerful backs and loins and the finely-laid shoulders that enable hounds to slip up and down the steepest hills with the greatest ease, sometimes disconcerting to the most eager followers. Nevertheless, one has one's chances if one perseveres. And in one sense these hounds are easy to follow, fast as they are, because their style of work is so true and so steady that one can often anticipate their turns and take advantage of a chance in one's favour. On Tuesday week they met at Sydling Barn, and showed an hour and twenty minutes with a travelling fox which illustrated well the way in which a good pack of hounds will make a



"LAST BUT NOT LEAST—"

brilliant gallop on a basis of steady and persevering hunting. The fox was on the move when hounds were laid on to him. Thus they had the advantage of a good start, and ran through Hendover,

a long straggling covert on the slopes which overhang the Blackmoor Vale. With the cheering cry that makes these hounds easy to follow, even when the pack are unseen, they ran hard along to the covert on the edge of the Downs, while we had sound turf to gallop on above. I fancy that for a short time there were two lines in the covert, for when hounds turned right-handed into the open I counted only eight and a-half couple on the line of what was undoubtedly the fox they started with. And then came a very pretty hunt, the leading hounds working beautifully, now making good the doubtful parts of the line, and then again driving forward. When they came to the clump of trees above Lord Digby's house at Minterne, known as Clingers, the pack had got together again, and a lucky turn to the right enabled us to see them, now well clear of their followers, racing down the grass slopes carrying a good head. Through the Minterne Gardens they were alone, and a note or two by the water-hole



LIKELY TO MAKE HIS OWNER SOMEWHAT UNPOPULAR.

just gave us the direction and enabled us to see that as they turned right-handed up the hill they were pointing to Up Cerne Wood. In the covert the full chorus (modified on the grass by the pace) enabled us to guess at one of the characteristics of this pack, for I firmly believe that when a pack of hounds has a good cry it means that they are all at work. Through Up Cerne Wood the Master's cry was still "forward on," and so we hunted back almost to the starting-point. They slipped down through the coverts at Hendover again, and for a time it looked as if this good fox was going on up the further slope. But a vigorous holloa from three men on the side of the hill turned him back, and to ground near Batcombe Church. A fine gallop, part of it fast, and over a very varied country. We had raced over the Downs, dipped into the vale, down by a very slippery and greasy path, and climbed painfully up again. We had been in the open and in the covert. They had an excellent day on the Wednesday, but I pass on to Friday in last week because, being concerned with the hounds just now, it showed us the same pack as on the Tuesday at work in a very different style of country.

On Friday the sport of the day came late. We have more than once experienced this season the excellent stamp of fox which makes its home in Mr. Middleton's gorse at Bradford Peverell. It was after twenty minutes past three when a rider on his way home viewed what I have no doubt was the old customer of Bradford Gorse stealing quietly away. A holloa, a moment's hesitation, as the hounds struck the heelway in the gorse, but left it in a fashion which showed what a handy pack they were, to fly to the Master's cheer and horn with scarcely a rate or a crack of the thong. One would say, to watch them, that they recognised their mistake as they strained forward to pick up the line clear of some too-eager horsemen who were getting forward. A beautiful bit of scenting grass in the park enabled hounds to settle as they struck the line, and they raced forward, then turned sharp right-handed into the

wood, a long, narrow belt which skirts the park, through which they literally screamed. Then we embarked on a tract of plough, and stony plough at that, over which hounds hunted most beautifully, the scent even here being good enough to enable them to drive quite hard at times, quite fast enough for horses galloping on the rain-sodden surface of the arable. They could scarcely be said to check, though here and there they hesitated, and the Master left them to work the line themselves, bringing them together with an inspiring cheer as one or other of them hit the line. At the back of the village of Bradford Peverell there was some intricate hunting, which they worked out so smoothly that one hardly realised the difficulties of the line, and once more we touched the grass on the outskirts of Frampton. In these coverts there is no fear of changing, and we devoted our attention to keeping within touch of hounds through the horrible birdcage of wire which disfigures these coverts, and is more like the wire entanglements of a Boer position than anything else.

One agonising moment there was when we struck about a quarter of a mile of wire fencing with a very narrow hand-gate in a most inconvenient corner, while hounds raced away up a steep slope in the opposite direction, and but for a check at the top by West Compton some of us might never have seen them again, for no horse could go up that slope at any pace after nearly an hour's fast galloping. The evening was closing in, the scent began to fail, and on the old Roman road the Master decided to stop the hounds. As we were pointing at the end, it seems likely the fox was making his way back again to his old quarters at Bradford. There is one hound that deserves to be remembered, for she saved the run at a critical moment. The pack had overshot the line leaning to some likely hedgerows and trees in front, when a dark tan bitch with a good deal of white, who was perhaps never led away a moment from the line, made a beautiful hit up a wet furrow and, throwing her tongue, set the whole pack right. X.

MAN-HUNTING NEAR CHELTEHAM.



THE BLOODHOUND TRIALS: STRATEGY AND DUSTER PICKING UP THE LINE.

WE had a great time man-hunting last week, the headquarters being from Mr. Herbert Unwin's place, Arle Court, near Cheltenham, where on Wednesday and Thursday large numbers were entertained hospitably to lunch. The occasion was the trials organised by the Association of Bloodhound Breeders, open to all, with two stakes, in each of which the first prize was five pounds, a silver cup being added for the winner of the Kennel Club Field-trial Championship. During the last dozen years or so the association has been responsible for a good many meetings and matches, and it may truthfully be said that last week's fixture bears comparison with any of its predecessors so far as entries go, as well as the interest shown in the locality. Fourteen hounds were in the Open Stake, and seven in the Junior—numbers which could have been augmented if any special effort had been made to obtain them. As it was, however, this was as ambitious a programme as could be attempted in the time at the disposal of the committee. By making great efforts, and thanks to the provisions made locally by Mr. Wilfrid N. Unwin, everything was completed in the two days. By permission of Mr. Herbert Lord, Master of the Cotswold, the

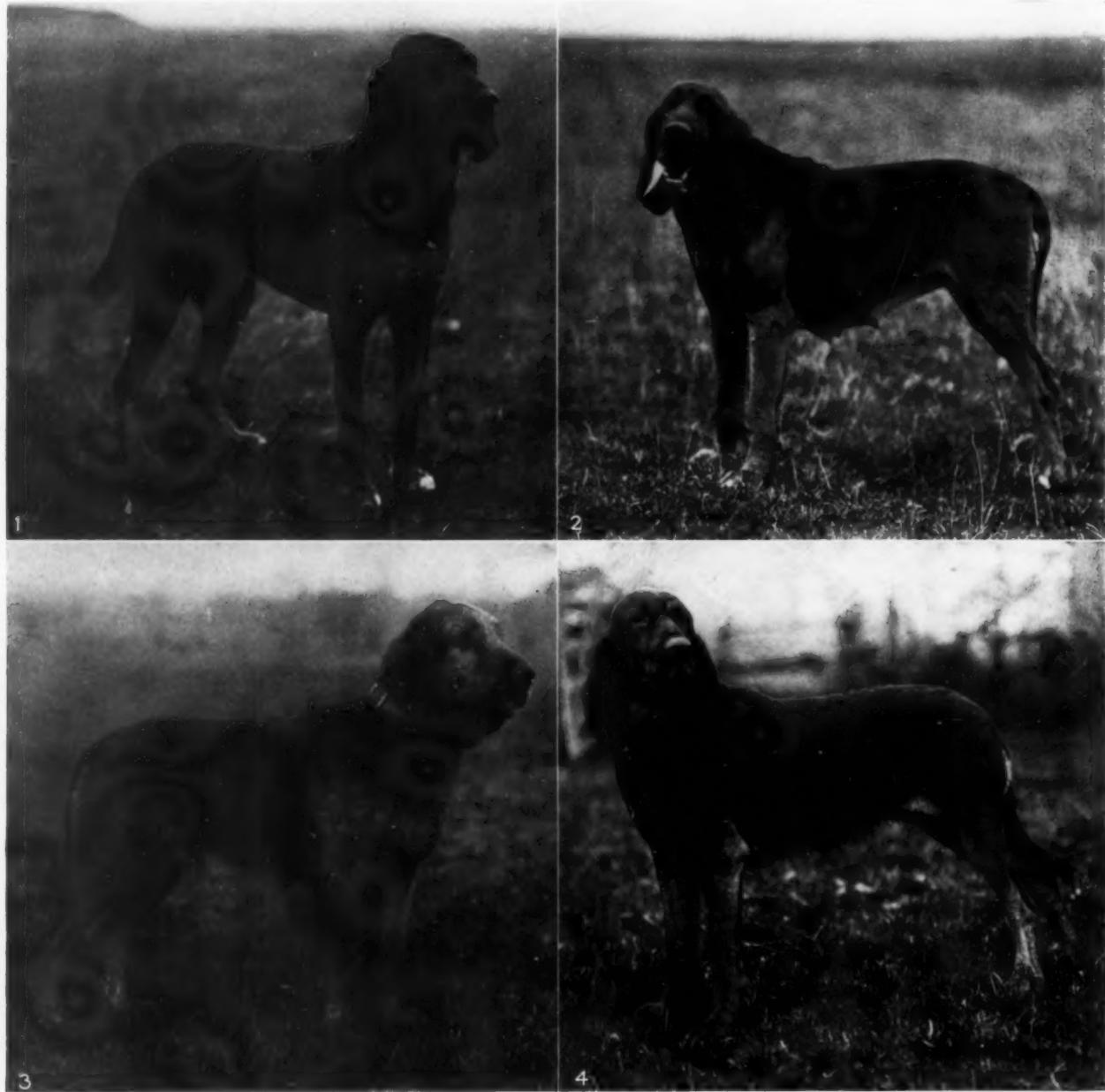
meeting was held in the sporting Cotswold Vale, and the Hunt further extended its courtesy by putting off a meet that was due in the district on Wednesday. Doubtless this accounted for the large number of ladies and gentlemen who turned out to see the bloodhounds. At one time I should think there must have been at least a hundred and fifty following. The judges—Captain Stacey, ex-Master of the North Cotswold, and Mr. Charles Travess, ex-huntsman of the Cotswold—put in a heavy day on Wednesday, having to ride seven separate distances of about three miles each, as well as covering a lot of ground in getting from the finish of one run to the lay on of another. Lord Ailesbury, who has charge of the association's field-trial arrangements, was present as well as other members of the committee, and I noticed a good many people well known in the dog world, such as Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Turner (of working and show retriever fame), Major and Mrs. Shewell (the Irish wolfhound-breeders), Mr. J. C. Armitage, etc.

THE OPEN STAKE.

Twilight of Craigweil (Mr. A. Harold Stocker's) being an absentee, thirteen runners were in for the Open Stake, which was the first on the programme. At nine o'clock in the morning,

when Mr. Oswald C. H. Riley's Handmaid was laid on, scent was obviously difficult, for at other times this bitch has shown her capacity for doing good work. In places she spoke to the line well, but at last she ran out of scent and had to be taken up. Mr. Wilfrid N. Unwin's Ursula and Chatley Emerald were next put down together, and conditions looked more promising. Ursula especially showed fine drive and pace, the followers having to gallop most of the way across a nice stretch of grass towards Badgworth. This was a satisfactory performance on the part of both hounds. Much interest was taken in Captain Hoel Llewellyn's couple of puppies, Moonlight and Shadow, owing to the almost uncanny skill in tracking manifested by their sire, the now defunct Shadower. Both show evidences of the outcross of some four generations back, their coats being rough, although they are of true bloodhound type in other

the day, and then we came to Mr. Unwin's Uniform, who persevered well through a field foiled by colts, and came back to identify his man after over-running the spot to investigate a couple of photographers, who had taken up a position near the finish. The Craigweil Daphne and Hadzor remained over until the second day, when Duster and Ursula were given another run to test for second place. Ursula started off like a scalded cat for the first half-mile, when she checked for several minutes on cattle foil, casting rather wide and wildly. On steadying down she hunted beautifully. Duster remained at the flag for a minute or two before getting away, but when he did start he carried the line at a rattling pace without a check of any kind. The judges then made their awards as follows: First, Mr. Wilfrid N. Unwin's Uniform; second, the Craigweil Duster of Craigweil; third, Mr. Unwin's Ursula. Certifi-



1. UNIFORM (*Winner of the Championship*); 2. URSULA; 3. SHADOW; 4. FLAIR.

respects. It was quite clear they have refined noses already, but, as they have not been accustomed to a crowd of horses, they were nervous, and on reaching ground foiled by sheep they gave up. At the best of times bloodhounds want plenty of freedom in which to work, and this was a severe test for young puppies. One saw enough to be satisfied that with age they will come on all right. The Craigweil (Mr. A. Harold Stocker's) Strategy and Duster had a little trouble in hitting the line at first, as a number of horsemen had crossed it a few minutes before they started. When they picked it up, however, they went off with rare drive, and I was particularly pleased with the manner in which they persevered at the beginning. There was no doubt about their keenness. At one point the line had been badly foiled by sheep and cattle, but once over this they galloped hard and made a good finish. Mr. Riley's Merlin and Putley Maxime did better than their kennel companion earlier in

cates of merit, Mr. Riley's Merlin, Mr. Unwin's Chatley Emerald, and the Craigweil Strategy of Craigweil.

THE JUNIOR STAKE.

This was run off on the second day under better scenting conditions, and most of the young hounds did very creditably. Miss Waterhouse's Sanguine and Mr. Godfrey Robinson's Spokesman were very fast, and should come on well. Captain Hoel Llewellyn's puppies, already mentioned, also put in good work, allowance being made for their age, and this gentleman's Flair acquitted herself better than on the first day, when she had not shown a great deal of perseverance on a very difficult line. She was accurate but slow. Awards: First, Miss Dorothy L. Waterhouse's Sanguine; second, Mr. Godfrey Robinson's Spokesman; third, Captain Hoel Llewellyn's Flair.

A. CROXTON SMITH.

ON THE GREEN.

BY HORACE HUTCHINSON AND BERNARD DARWIN.

WESTWARD HO! MENACED BY THE SEA.

THE Westward Ho! course being added, by vote of the clubs that control the amateur championship, to the list of greens on which that championship is played, there appears to be a real, if not a very immediate, peril that it may one day be lost again owing to the action of a body even more powerful than the great clubs in council—the Atlantic Ocean. It has been apparent, for a long while, to people watching the movement of that queer grey line of water-worn limestone that is called the Pebble Ridge, that the sea is gaining more and more on the land. It has so pushed in the contour of the ridge now that the bend has become much sharper—形成ing much more of a bay—than it used to be. Moreover, the pebbles now rest on a lower basis than they used to. The result is that the sea sweeps round the bay with a stronger “scour” than of old—it is a well-known fact that this is ever so when it has an accentuated curve in which to do its work—so that the pebbles which it bears along from the waste of the westward cliff are no longer deposited on the line of the ridge, but are swept along right to the river's mouth. There, arrested by the outflow of the river, they are being laid down in countless, but, for all present purposes, in useless, millions. Meanwhile there is an inset of the estuary in the neighbourhood of Appledore Pool also, the two together certainly suggesting a menace that they have a design to effect a junction, in which case the overflow of all the links will be nearly complete, and it is even conceivable that a hundred years hence the main outlet of the river will be much more south-westerly than it is, and golfers may be playing on a new links formed over that mass of pebbles now being laid down at the present river's mouth. It may be a very good links—possibly, though hardly conceivable, better than the present—and it is likely enough that it will join itself on to the Braunton Burrows. That is all a pleasant enough picture for the twenty-first century, but shall we be there then to play on those links? By all that appears, even in the days of Professor Metchnikoff, it seems doubtful. And in the meantime the menace to the present magnificent course is dire.

THE GREEN-KEEPERS' ASSOCIATION.

The idea, probably much to be commended, of the formation of a Green-keepers' Association, is a sign of times that have greatly changed since the primitive days when the ordinary professional attached to each club was supposed to combine the various rôles of instructor, by precept and example, in the noble art of playing the game and of expert in all concerned with the planning and upkeep of the links, the laying of turf and the knowledge of grasses. As golfing civilisation has progressed it has increased in its complexity, and a division of these branches of the science has become strongly marked. It is true that our most eminent course-constructors are eminent in their golfing skill likewise; but some who are champions at their own game of green-keeping are by no means champions of the game of golf. These two chief branches of the profession tend more and more to separation. Only a very few years ago it would have seemed impossible that there could be enough of the pure and simple green-keepers, as distinguished from professional players, to justify an organisation of their own; but it is evident that its time has come, and come quickly.

H. G. H.

MATHEMATICS AS AN AID TO GOLF.

A friend of mine was playing a game not long since with a gentleman of some little distinction in mathematics and beat him by five up and four to play. Finding him rather depressed, he endeavoured to cheer him up by pointing out that, at any rate, the victim's putting had been very good. This kindly ruse was instantly successful. Regardless of the infuriated shouts of those waiting behind, the vanquished party drew my friend aside out of earshot of the caddies and said in an impressive and secret manner, “You know, I am a mathematician. I have a considerable knowledge of planes and angles, and I find it helps me a great deal in my putting.” This is, I confess, the first time that I ever heard this singular theory advanced, and I have been regretting ever since my own laziness at school and a constitutional inability to master Euclid's elements. Yet I doubt if any knowledge of planes and angles would enable one to conquer those absurd things called nerves and hit the ball cleanly into the hole on a flat green at a range of four feet. That, after all, is a far more difficult matter than the taking of the most complicated line to the hole. I was told the other day of a distinguished golfer who in tackling a short putt missed the ball and holed the divot. He, however, was a classic, which, no doubt, accounts for it.

AND VICE VERSA.

If it is permissible to doubt whether mathematics are of any practical utility in learning to play golf, it is not at all certain that golf might not be made useful in rendering more palatable to the young the study of mathematics. I observe that in a controversy that has lately been raging over education, my very own tutor has written that the purpose of education is to make its victim think; and should we not all have thought more intelligently over Euclid if his propositions had been golfing ones? Golf would be the jam to the mathematical powder, and there is, moreover, admirable material ready to the schoolmaster's hand. In one book of golfing instruction I find a diagram containing one circle, two semicircles, three straight lines and two dear little arrows pointing in different directions, and in naming its various points no fewer than twelve letters of the alphabet are

employed. The *pons asinorum* is nothing to it, and the mental gymnastics, to say nothing of the perfect swing, taught by it would have been invaluable. It is, I believe, a fact that a class instituted for the caddies at a certain club became far more popular when club-making was substituted for the vaguer art of carpentering. Why not make mathematics interesting in the same way?

FAMILY MATCHES.

A family match of five a side was played a day or two since at Bishop's Stortford between the Gilbeyes and the Cannons. The former were on their home course, a course that art, with comparatively little help from Nature, has made both difficult and interesting, and, despite the heroic efforts of Mr. Mornington Cannon on the other side, they won the match by a point and a vulgar fraction. An old cricketing book tells me that there was once a cricket match between two purely family elevens—the Blundells and the Walmisleys—while an eleven of Lytteltons once beat Bromsgrove School, a victory not at all surprising to one who studies their various and illustrious initials. Family golf matches are, as far as I know, but rare, and it is difficult to make up out of one's head a family eleven. Fernies, Parks, Sayers, Herds, Aytons, Simpsons, Vardons and Gaudins—all these families among the professionals should be formidable, though I hardly know how numerous their teams would be. Among the amateurs it would still be uncommonly difficult to find a four to beat the Messrs. Blackwell. Enlarge the team to eight, and I can think of none save a cousinly coalition of Hambros and Martin Smiths to beat Mr. Foster of Malvern and his seven sons, to say nothing of a strong reinforcement of ladies. Captain W. L., Mr. R. E., Mr. G. N., and best of all, perhaps, Mr. M. K., who is abroad planting rubber—all these are really good golfers, and the others, if not quite so alarming, have yet that gift of hitting exceedingly hard and clean any kind of ball that has so far been invented.

B. D.

A FAMOUS HARLEQUIN.

MR. A. D. STOOP is a genius. His critics aver that his bewildering tactics are as likely to upset his own side as the other; but however that may be, there is no more interesting player to watch. Two years ago, when Wales came to meet England at Twickenham, brimful of confidence, with a long unbroken string of victories behind them, they kicked off, and Mr. Stoop fielded the ball. Of course, he was expected to kick it back again, in accordance with custom; and equally, of course, he did nothing of the kind. He just tucked the ball under his arm and raced for the Welsh line



MR. A. D. STOOP.

like a hare. The Welshmen gasped with astonishment, and before they could recover, the English right wing had been sent flying over their line and the match was won in the first two minutes. Mr. Stoop, as every good general should be, is also a born leader of men, and to see his great Harlequins closely watching him and instantly obeying the slightest move of his head or his hand is

most impressive. In the sketch he is shown playing a favourite trick of his. He runs with the ball until he has drawn the enemy's defence on to him, then he punts the ball gently over their heads and slips past them to it again before they can turn; and so he goes on tricking them, to the delight of his friends and the confusion of his enemies.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE DRUMMING OF THE SNIPE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I have read with interest Mr. H. G. Hutchinson's letter re "The Snipe's Drum," and possibly the following remarks may throw a little light on the subject. Mr. Hutchinson remarks that the ornithologists who have studied the question say that the snipe's "drumming" is produced by the vibration of its tail-feathers, which is not quite accurate. What the ornithologists say is that the drumming is produced by the vibration of the *outside* tail-feathers. Anyone who has watched with glasses a snipe drum, and even at times with the naked eye, cannot fail to have remarked that the two outside tail-feathers are quite noticeably separated from the rest of the tail, and it is these two outside tail-feathers which produce the noise when fastened to a cork. Last spring I noticed a snipe, which was resting on a water-meadow near here, constantly going through the usual aerial movements; but the bird never drummed, though it constantly uttered the "chook, chook" note mentioned by Mr. Hutchinson. I saw this bird daily throughout the spring, and wondered why it seemed incapable of drumming, so I studied it through very strong glasses, and at once noticed that it apparently had no outside tail-feathers. At any rate, when it made the downward sweep, which in spring is usually accompanied by the drumming sound, the two outer tail-feathers were not separated from the rest of the tail, which, I believe, is always the case when drumming is produced. From this I argue that it is probable that the noise is produced by the outside tail-feathers, as this bird which did not drum apparently had lost his outside feathers; but that his vocal powers were not deficient was proved by his uttering the "chook, chook" note. Mr. Hutchinson says quite rightly that a snipe's drumming can be heard at a quarter of a mile distant; but I would remind him that the noise made by the wing beats of a cock green plover in spring can be heard at a quarter of a mile, also the "rattle" of the golden eye duck's wings. Personally, I believe that both male and female snipe drum. I have constantly in April and May flushed a snipe, which has started to drum at once, and a few yards further on flushed another off its eggs, which has joined the first and also drummed. It is quite possible that they were not paired, and that it may have been a male incubating the eggs, which really had nothing to do with the first bird flushed, but I do not think it is probable. With regard to Mr. Hutchinson's suggestion that the way to settle the point once for all is to mark down where the male of a single pair roosts and catch him in a net is, I fear, not feasible, for several reasons, two of which will suffice to show the impracticability: 1. That snipe feed at night and do not "roost"; 2. That they are wilder at night than by day. I have tried to shoot them over snow by moonlight, also to dazzle them on a dark night with a strong acetylene motor lamp, both equally useless. One has only to walk across a bog at night to hear snipe rising in all directions. Having found the nest of a segregated pair, it should be quite possible to catch the bird by horse-hair nooses placed all round the nest; but the drawback to this scheme would be



A BABY SNIPE.

obviously intending to drum. I conclude he had not space to get up sufficient pace to cause enough vibration to produce the sound; but, surely, were the noise vocal, he would have been able to utter it.—H. WORMALD, Heathfield, Dereham, Norfolk.

SCARES FOR HERONS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I think your correspondent "W. G. B. M." would find that if he placed slanted wire-netting at each bank of his river which is frequented by herons, he could save the herons, which are among our most beautiful birds. They would not touch his fish, as the wire-netting prevents them from wading. I have found this plan most effective.—E. V.

THE HOME OF THE WASHINGTONS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—It may be pointed out that the knight who relieved the banner of the Black Prince at the Battle of Crecy (not Poitiers) was not, as Captain L. F. Adams supposes, a Danvers. He was Sir Thomas D'Anvers, or Danyers, of Bradley in Cheshire, one of a family whose name became Daniell. Lyme was never granted to Sir Thomas during his life, but afterwards to his daughter and her husband, Sir Piers Legh, and took the place of an annuity given to her father by the Black Prince until a suitable landed estate could be found for him.—R. S. B.

[Lyme Hall was our "Country Home" for August 19th, 1905, where these particulars will be found.—ED.]

MOCK SUNS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I have been hoping to see some mention in some paper of the mock suns which were so clearly visible from trees on Wednesday, December 20th, between 1 p.m. and 1.30 p.m. They may have been visible earlier. The sun itself was shining brightly in a patch of blue sky, the surrounding sky being more misty and grey than cloudy. The mock suns were at times like the sun itself, shining through clouds with rays towards the earth, but at first distinctly showed as globes of rainbow tints; these varied and did not last so long as the phenomenon. There was no wind, so the clouds or mist did not move much; but the mock suns I saw travelled at the same rate as the sun. I tested them over certain trees for half-an-hour. My view is due south towards Hindhead, over a large tract of country. I hoped for a more scientific description to appear, but have seen none. My gardener, who noticed them with me, had never seen them before, but I believe they are not uncommon in rainy weather.—H. A.

[We sent our correspondent's letter to Mr. F. W. Henkel, who writes as follows: "The appearance of 'mock suns,' or parhelia as they are technically called, alluded to by your correspondent 'H. A.' is a sufficiently rare, though not unique phenomenon. Most commonly these objects are seen as parts of two or more circles whose angular radius is about 22deg. and 46deg. respectively, the sun (or moon) being at the centre of these circles. The bright points of these circles usually appear as of much greater brightness than the rest, and are commonly coloured reddish or yellowish; as your correspondent says, 'globes of rainbow tints.' Other circles are sometimes seen intersecting



TWO AND A-HALF YEARS OLD.

that one would probably catch the female first, and then she would probably forsake her nest and, possibly, the bogs too. Another point that makes me believe that the noise is not vocal is that my tame snipe (which I hatched in an incubator and kept for two and a-half years in my smoking-room) would, in the spring, directly he heard my step in the house, commence uttering his "chook, chook" note, but he never drummed, although when loose in the room he would fly up to the ceiling and then dash down towards the floor,

with the two primary ones, but not often in our own latitudes, though more common in the Polar regions. They are probably due to the presence of ice and snow crystals in the upper air, which refract the sunlight in this manner. The rays are most densely crowded in the direction of minimum deviation; the red rays, being less deviated, appear on the inner portions of the circles. Colourless halos are produced by reflection of sunlight from the plane surfaces of these ice crystals. Such appearances are altogether much more rarely seen round the sun than round the moon, though, as they are often coloured in the former case and the colours are usually too faint to be distinguished in the latter, they are perhaps more beautiful. As already stated, the one or two brightest patches are known as parhelion or mock suns, or paraselenion mock moon; but in favourable circumstances the complete circles of which these form part are seen also. The appearance of such halos is a very sure sign of unsettled weather. They should, however, be distinguished from the much more common corona or coloured ring often seen round the moon, though more rarely round the sun, of which the sailor in 'The Wreck of the *Hesperus*' speaks:

'Last night the moon had a golden ring
And to-night no moon we see.'

The old Scotch proverb says, 'Mock suns predict a more or less certain change of weather,' while Theophrastus the Greek, in his 'Signs,' is made to say, 'If two parhelions occur, one towards the south, the other towards the north, with a halo round the sun, they indicate rain within a short time.' The greater or less distance of the halo or corona from the sun or moon is supposed to indicate the less or greater time within which the rain will fall.

'Circle near, water far,
Circle far, water near.'

These large circular halos, of which the mock suns and mock moons form parts, are phenomena not often visible in the neighbourhood of smoky London, if ever, though the lunar corona may be seen on almost any cloudy moonlight night, so that it is not perhaps surprising that your correspondent had not seen them before, though blessed with a clearer air than is our own fortune."—ED.

THE MAKING OF OLIVE OIL.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

Sir,—To see olive oil expressed in one of the picturesque olive-mills of the Riviera is one of the most interesting sights that the English or American visitor can behold. The olives are first of all crushed for a good hour by a two thousand kilogramme millstone, which turns on its edge within a huge mortar. Reduced to a black, oily pulp, the fruit is tightly packed in round, flattish baskets made



THIRTY-EIGHT YEARS OLD.

of a tough, fibrous material, and these are then placed, one on the top of the other, under the press. The stone trough into which the oil flows is generally large enough to hold two piles of bags, and a dozen of these are usually found sufficient to be placed under the press at one time. Even before pressure is applied you begin to see the oil exuding from the bags. Soon, on the screw being turned, it gushes forth in a thick, dark green stream into the pail, which is placed under a tap to receive it. Slow but constant pressure is what is required.

For a time the oil appears to be perfectly clear. This is known as *huile vierge*. But as the pressure becomes very great it becomes turbid, and is no longer considered to be virgin. The two oils are kept separate, for the first is rightly considered to be the finer in flavour. The second oil is poured into a round, shallow wooden receptacle and mixed with hot water. After a time the impurities sink to the bottom, and the pure oil, rising to the top, is skimmed off. Olive oil, as we see it in the shops, is a pale golden colour. But this is the refined article. Virgin olive oil, after it has been allowed to stand for some weeks and decanted, or, better still, filtered, is distinctly greenish, and its flavour is that of the fruit from which it is made. It is said that very little genuine oil (genuine in the sense that it is unmixed with inferior oil) gets on the market, and this I can well believe, for until I obtained it direct from the mill I could hardly say

that I knew the exquisite flavour of the true article. There are some who, at first, find the flavour of the olive too pronounced, so accustomed have they become to the tasteless oil of the Parisian shops; but after a time they begin to admit that they "rather like it," and in the end confess that they are conquered. It is then that, with the true gourmet, they are ready to declare that a Mayonnaise sauce prepared with *huile vierge* is verily a food for the gods.—FREDERIC LEES.

WHITE ROOKS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

Sir,—Seeing in COUNTRY LIFE your correspondent's letter respecting white rooks reminded me that I once saw, near Ilchester, where I then lived, two or three cream-coloured rooks in a flock. I could have shot them repeatedly. They were about there for years, and may be there now for what I know. They were quite young when I first saw them, and probably were all from the same nest.—JAMES TURNER.

A CARDIGAN COB.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

Sir,—I am enclosing a photograph of a Cardigan cob which has lately been shot. I think it is almost a unique case. He was thirty-eight years old, and had taken our luggage to the station (a short way) and other journeys up to the end. I had him in my possession thirty-two years, and he was never ill or lame till last winter, when he had a bad abscess from his teeth, and owing to the dry summer, the grass failing so much, he seemed to be getting thinner, so we thought it best to let him go before another winter. He was always turned out, only coming into a shed on snowy or rainy nights in the winter. His sense was wonderful, and he would walk right into the house at the back for sugar. The photograph does not do him justice; he had splendid shoulders. I should like to know if anyone has a horse working at that age.—A. M.

THE CLEVERNESS OF SWANS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

Sir,—I think it may interest your readers to hear of the clever doings of some swans for the preservation of their young ones. On a certain pond a pair of these birds had for two successive years hatched out a pair of cygnets, only to find the young, fluffy things devoured, long before they came to the properly feathered age, by one or other of the large pike which lived in the pond. This last spring the swans made their nest in the usual place, hatched out their cygnets as before, but, as soon as the cygnets were hatched, disappeared from the pond altogether, parents, babies and all. There is another pond, or lake, at a distance of a mile and a-half or so from the first, and on this lake the swans were found to be, with their young ones. The puzzle was to know how they had got there. Their wings were so pinioned that they could not fly, and there were some very stiff and close fences between the one pond and the other. Subsequently a countryman said that he had seen one of them walking over the fields that lie between the ponds. He had noticed nothing more than the old swan walking; but there is little doubt that had he been nearer or looked closer he would have seen that it was carrying a cygnet, or the pair of them, on its back. Almost certainly the birds had walked and carried their young with them from the one pond to the other. How they got through the fences is still unexplained, nor is it understood how they knew the second pond to be there, since it does not seem that they had ever visited it before. But their wisdom and enterprise, which were so highly commendable, were justified by the results. They reared their cygnets successfully in this other pond, wherein there were no pike, a fact which we might almost fancy the swans, with their supernatural cleverness, had ascertained before they made their difficult transit, and it will be interesting to see where they will make this year's nest.

—HORACE G. HUTCHINSON.



THE MAKING OF OLIVE OIL: *HUILE VIERGE* BEING EXPRESSED.

THE FOOD OF LARKS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR.—With regard to the controversy going on in your columns on the destruction of larks, it may be of interest to state briefly the results obtained by an investigation of the food of the lark carried on throughout last year by means of an examination of the contents of the stomach of a number of these birds. The birds dealt with came from Norfolk, Essex and Cambridgeshire. Altogether the stomach contents of some hundred and fifty-six larks (not including the young) were examined. Of these one hundred and forty-eight contained weed seeds, of which a large portion were polygonum aviculare (knot-grass), polygonum convolvulus (black bind-weed), chenopodium album (fat hen) and poppy. It was found that this staple article of diet was eked out in the spring and summer months by insects (for the most part weevils, caterpillars, aphides, turnip flea beetles, spiders, Carabid beetles and click beetles), but not a single wireworm was discovered. It was noticed that the young were fed almost entirely on insects. During the winter months, however, many pieces of green leaf were taken, which consisted for the most part of clover, wheat and rye-grass. As an example, in the month of February thirty per cent. of the birds examined contained the leaves of some crop in their gizzards. Seed corn was taken to a small extent, but not in sufficient quantity to be of importance. Much corn was taken from the stubbles; but this is of no account economically. It was found, also, that large quantities of "small seeds" (clover and rye-grass) were taken soon after they had been sown. R. New-



A "LAVEROCK."

stead, in a Supplement to the Journal of the Board of Agriculture, 1909, on "The Food of Some British Birds," gives the details of the stomach contents of a few larks killed in Cheshire and the Dee estuary. Grass, various kinds of beetles, spiders and several kinds of weed seeds were found. With regard to other matters dealt with by the correspondents, I may say that, according to "Newton's Dictionary of Birds" (London, 1893) and N. F. Ticehurst in "A History of the Birds of Kent" (London, 1909), the lark is, to a large extent, migratory, both as regards different parts of this country and also between this country and the Continent.—JOHN HAMMOND.

LEAP-YEAR TRADITIONS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR.—Leap-year generally falls every fourth year, though, as there is an exception to every rule, the year 1900 was not one. The old tradition that during leap-year woman is allowed to usurp man's privilege and propose if she wishes to do so is well known by everyone; but probably the following one may be new to some of your many readers. Until a century ago it was a recognised institution during leap-year that if the man proposed to decline the offer of the lady's heart and hand, he had to soften his refusal by the present of a silk dress. Another tradition decreed that should the lady be too bashful to express her feelings by word of mouth, she might acquaint the object of them by displaying just a glimpse of her flannel petticoat. A very curious idea prevails in some countries that beans grow on the wrong side of the pod in leap-year.—G. W.

A DOG REARING A LION CUB

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR.—A few days ago five lion cubs were born at the Zoo Park, Southport, and from the time of its birth the keeper's dog, seen in the accompanying photograph, has been rearing one of the cubs. Having just lost its own



THE FOSTER-MOTHER AND HER CHARGE.

offspring, it immediately formed a great affection for the young lion, and now the two are inseparable. It is not intended to put the cub back to its mother, its development in the dog's care being quite as satisfactory as that of any of the four remaining with the mother.—W.

TROUBLESONE STARLINGS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR.—Your correspondent's enquiry under this head was made last autumn in a contemporary. Sulphur and charcoal were, I think, suggested, and shooting—air-gun and other. I made a suggestion which I think was practical, but whether it was ever tried, or, if so, with what result, I do not know. If your correspondent "R. A." tries it, I hope he will report the result. The suggestion was this: Wait till the birds are fast asleep and it is quite dark, scare them away with gun, crackers, rattling of sticks or anything else. Greatly alarmed and disconcerted, the birds will have to find other roosting-places in the dark. Repeat the performance next night, and again, if necessary, the third night. I believe that this will be more than bird nature can endure—to be horribly scared and turned out of their beds, homeless, in the pitch dark less three nights running. I think they will come to the conclusion that it is not good enough, is no place for them, and will give somebody else a turn.—D. O.

A KINGFISHER AT BLACKHEATH.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR.—I have had a beautiful little visitor in my gardens during the last ten days. I have a little fountain in the garden, and in it some gold-fish, and a beautiful little kingfisher has paid me several visits. He has taken a good many little fish, but I consider it a rare bird to visit me when I am only six and a-half miles from London Bridge.—RICHARD WINCH.

THE NEW FLATFORD BRIDGE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR.—I am sending for your inspection, and for reproduction, if you think good, a photograph, by Mr. S. A. Driver, of Flatford Bridge as it has been renovated. I need not go over the old story of its being associated with Constable, as all this has been told in your pages before; but it may be useful to recall that all good judges were of opinion that the bridge would have become a total wreck if it had not been taken in hand last year. Thanks to the energetic exertions of Mr. Hain Friswell and Major A. H. Barthorp, funds were obtained and the work of restoration taken in hand. The whole of the old bridge was carefully measured several years ago, and the new bridge is exactly similar to it in almost every detail. It is fifty feet long and is built of about thirty tons of picked English oak. The treatment of the bridge is in marked contrast to that of Sonning a few years ago, when a structure of equal beauty was replaced by a County Council monstrosity.—W. A.



A WORK WELL DONE.